# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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**DEACON & PETERSON,** Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

## "BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MISS A. L. MUZZEY.

Turning the leaves of the dead centuries,
Wherein the histories of men are writ,
We find sometimes a soul that seems to sit,
Like a serene indweller of the skies,
Above the heat, the passion, and the strife,
And the poor pleasures of this lower life.

The plague-like ills which fall on other men
Light on him, too, but with his shining face
Set against cloud and storm, he seeks to trace
Through all a hidden vein of good, and when
His eye hath found it, all the toil and pain
Whereof he suffered, he but counts as gain.

On him the cruel world-storms madly beat,
And evil Fortune holds him as a mark,
Sin spreadeth nets to catch him i' the dark,
And cunning pitfalls yawn beneath his feet;
But with his hand in God's, he springeth clear
Of snare and pit, and hath no thought of fear.

The hounds of Envy bay upon his track,
And secret Hate, which dareth not to hunt
In open day, nor meet him front to front,
Twangeth her poison arrows at his back.
For all, he thinketh of that rabble crew
Of whom Christ said, "they know not what they do."

He judges not his erring brother man;
Pity doth move his heart, remembering all
The sweet deceits that lured him to his fall,
And that however wisely he may plan,
Who fears not God, but trusts in his own might,
Cannot but lose his way and miss the right.

On Truth the structure of his life is built—
Nor all the jostlings of pride and power
Can move him from his fortress, his strong tower;
While wily falsehood, conscious of its guilt,
Lurks to its hiding place, he stands secure,
Knowing his basis firm, his building sure.

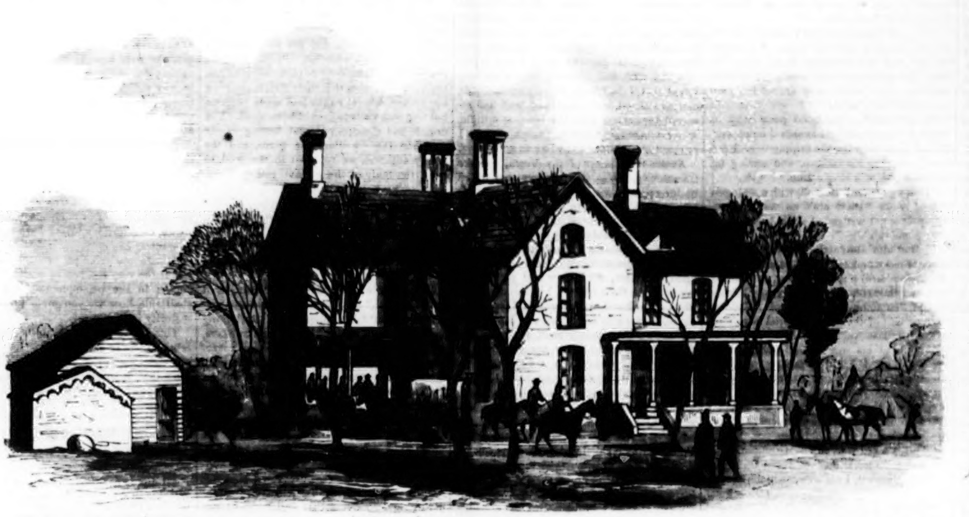
No doubt lives in his soul. Time's breath doth swell
The world ship's shining sails, and on she strains;
Storms burst, her crew revolts, confusion reigns,
And all seems rushing toward the port of Hell—
No doubt lives in his soul. The Lord is God,
Faithful to judge the evil, and the good.

## THE WRONG PATH.

### A STORY OF THE WAR.

Brock Edmunds's strange disappearance had been the theme of our mess, since his departure from the Rappahannock, a week before. Brave, scrupulous and loyal, all who knew him well rejected indignantly the imputation that he had gone over to the enemy. He was a Virginian, it was said, and must forsooth be false; his affianced was the daughter of a Confederate colonel, and to be true in love he must forswear his country. Meaner men had superseded him in the staff, and he had revenged himself by perjury and desertion. But though these paltry libels had obtained general circulation and acceptance, we—his staff companions—who had known him in camp, in perilous enterprise, and in the painful march, defended his honor as our own.

We were sitting beneath the canopy or "fly" of the mess tent, recreating ourselves with whiskey and pipes. It was the eighth night since the departure of our comrade, and we missed his ready jest, his loud, infectious laugh, his uniform courtesy and generosity. The war had come at last to Warrenton Springs, and the encampments of an immense army whitened the surrounding hills. Federal sentries paced up and down the massive portico of the hotel; cannon were planted in all the lanes; cavalry horses trampled garden and orchard; and the Spring was become a lavatory for thousands of wanton soldiers.



**The Phillips' House, the Headquarters of Gen. Burnside During the Battle of Fredericksburg--Now the Headquarters of Gen. Sumner.**

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. *Illustrated News*, represents the fine residence of Mr. Phillips on the Rappahannock. It was here General Burnside retired after the repulse and thought over the memorable events of the day, and matured his plans for the future. Here also the gallant veteran, General Sumner, has his headquarters. Groups of officers, members of the staff, and orderlies, are seen standing about waiting for orders.

We had been a fortnight at the Springs, and the monotony of our tenure had been varied by but a single incident—the loss of Brock Edmunds. The circumstances relating to his departure were mysterious and alarming. He had been called to the general's tent late in the afternoon, and intrusted with a verbal order to one of the brigade commanders, whose quarters were at Rappahannock, a railway station on the river of the same name, eighteen miles distant. He had reached his destination at nine o'clock, delivered his instructions punctually, and obtained the countersign of the day. Returning, he had passed a guard five miles from Rappahannock, and had stopped to light a pipe at a picket-fire, still further on, complaining, in the latter case, that his horse was a trifle lame. He was, to all appearance, sober, and expressed himself as resolved to get back to head-quarters by midnight. But subsequently, no man in the army had encountered him, and traces of neither rider nor horse had been discovered, though diligent inquiries were made far and wide. His capture by the enemy was improbable, for our picket-posts were so close and continuous, that the lines were considered to be impervious. No bodies of Southern troops were contiguous; and though the Virginians within the lines were sullen and hostile, it was believed that only a few aged and infirm people remained, as the young and able-bodied had departed to join the Confederate armies. The only plausible alternative was, that Brock Edmunds, knowing the location of our pickets, had avoided them, and escaped in the darkness to his Southern friends. The Richmond newspapers, however, which our out-riders brought in daily, made no mention of Captain Edmunds, and no recent prisoners had heard anything of his desertion.

The conversation beneath the fly had turned upon the absent one. Thirteen young fellows were we, who had thrown up our several professions at the call to arms, and, unacquainted before, had met by assignment upon General B.'s staff. Five of us were Yankees, two were from New York, four were foreign adventurers who loved war for its own sake, and I was a Pennsylvanian, of Quaker descent.

"Heigh-ho!" said Wicklowe, turning off his fourth draught of spirits, "how we miss Brock's jolly laugh."

"Camp has become so insufferably dull," said Bigswig, "that I shall resume the old 'biz,' and throw up my commission."

Bigswig had been a junior partner in a dry-goods house, but took to the sword as naturally as to scissors.

"If it isn't positive conceit to repeat anything that Brock—poor old boy—has done so well before, I will sing his Chickahominy song," said Chockmer, ever anxious to exhibit his vocal powers.

"I pray ze," said Saint Pierre, with a supplicatory grimace, "do not, Monsieur Chockmare,"

"Go on," said Wicklowe, drinking again: "any affliction is preferable to this horrible silence."

As Chockmer's wheezy notes rang on the night, I saw the glare of camp-fires reddening the woods and skies; I heard the clatter of bayonets at the hour of guard-relief, and some of the negro servants singing sweetly sonorous choruses. The faint, hollow roll of a distant drum blended mystically with the rustle of leaves overhead, and I saw in the dimness the cloaked and stalwart sentry striding before the general's tent. A horse stood saddled in one of the broad gravelled aisles, and I could hear the "tick, tick, tick" of the telegraph instrument in a Sibley canopy adjoining.

A month had thus transformed one of the pleasantest of solitudes, and the hospitable grounds had been trampled by innumerable hoofs. There were great gaps in the fences, and coarse pencillings upon the walls of the fine old mansion. The furniture had been broken and used to feed Vandal cook-fires. Desolation, following in the wake of armies, had despoiled alike the fertility of nature and the improvements of man. How soon might retaliation affect our Northern homes as we had ruined these?

"Left'nant Mintlin!"

I turned toward the voice, at the repetition of my name, and recognized a tall, athletic orderly. As I faced him, he respectfully saluted, and said:

"The gineral nades ye, sir, immadiately, at his quarters."

The mess broke into a loud laugh, anticipating that some onerous duty would devolve upon me.

"There's twenty pages of a report to copy," said Bigswig.

"I'll lend to you my leetle *cheval, mon ami*," said Saint Pierre; "you take one dam journey!"

"Hadn't you as well worry down another 'smile' before you go?" said Wicklowe, copiously imbibing himself.

I replied carelessly, refilled my pipe, and following the sergeant across a grass-plot and through a broken wicket, stood in the presence of the general. He was seated at a pine table, covered with maps, diagrams, and manuscripts, and the candle threw an imperfect light upon his handsome bronzed face, and broad, prominent forehead. A trunk, marked with his initials, and a small, iron bedstead, with two camp-stools, and a short, wooden bench, comprised his furniture; but there was a picture of the Madonna, which never left him, suspended from a nail in the rear tent-pole. This picture had survived all mutations. He had carried it in the Mexican war, when but a lieutenant. It had hung in the halls of the Montezumas, when employed at clerk-duties therein. At Fort Yuma, the Siberia of military stations, he had kept it in his quarters for five monotonous years; and when appointed a colonel, early in the civil war, he had brought this picture across four thousand miles of plain and prairie.

"Sit down, Lieutenant Mintlin!" he said curtly; and as I took one of the chairs, he resumed his writing. I looked at the richly quilted saddle that lay at his feet, at the splendidly mounted sword thrown carelessly across his bed, at the holsters and silver-plated pistols beneath his rubber-pillow. I studied the angles and fullnesses of the fine indurated form, and the severe and wrinkled countenance before me; and from the starred shoulder-bars and silvered beard of this hero of a score of battles, my eyes wandered magnetically to the pensive, melancholy picture of the Madonna—his companion in triumph, reverses, trials, and promotion. I trust that every soldier carries some such picture through his journeyings. My own Madonna was in Pennsylvania.

"Lieutenant," said he, in his quick, nervous manner, looking me directly in the eyes, "your horse is fresh, and saddled!"

I looked through the opening of the tent at the sharp beat of hoofs, and beheld my pony, led by my own servant.

"I would not trouble you till it was necessary, but gave you a part of the evening with your friends. There is your horse; here is a sealed envelope. You are to ride with all speed to Rappahannock."

A little leap of my heart, and a slight tremor of my lips, followed the announcement of this ill-omened name.

"I may say," continued the general, in his curt sententious way, "since I commonly take my *aides* into my confidence, that this paper contains the details of an order for an immediate advance. You are to ride direct to the quarters of General H——, to deliver the envelope, and return to-night with his receipt and reply."

I bowed silently, and turned to go.

"Stop!" said he again. "It is eight o'clock; you must deliver the message by eleven. I shall not retire to-night. You will be back at three."

"It is a long and stony way," I said hesitatingly, "and forty miles can scarcely be made in seven hours."

"It must be done," said he, shaking his beard; "the troops must be under way before midnight. Return upon a fresh horse. Good night."

I returned his salutation, but had scarcely got a yard from his quarters, when I heard the sharp call to return. As I stood before him again, he stared piercingly into my eyes, half impeachingly, half inquiringly.

"Am I to lose another aide?" he said slowly and sarcastically.

The blood rose to my temples, and I felt my hands closing. "Not unless you insult him twice," I returned.

"I ask your pardon," said he, in his old day manner; "you are not *a Virginian!*"

I bit my lips at the reflection upon my late comrade, but concluded to remain silent.

"Will you have an orderly to accompany you?"

"Not after the doubt you have expressed."

"Forget it," he said, with irresistible frankness, "as the weakness of a suspicious old soldier. Give me your hand. God bless you! Be prompt. Good night."

I repaired to the mess tent, hastily examined my pistols, and buckled on my sword belt and spurs. Joining my comrades in a parting health, I leaped into my saddle, and at seven minutes past eight o'clock, started at a sharp canter for Rappahannock.

The ride for five or six miles of the way was enlivened by belated teams, couriers, and occasional squads of officers returning to their regiments. Camp fires lit up the whole horizon, till it seemed a great belt of flame; mystic serenades floated dreamily from invisible fields and copses; confused voices of shouting and singing were wafted from tented hillsides, and grouped batteries, ambulances, and army cattle came dimly in view at intervals. The moon shone full and brightly; but I saw, with some solicitude that it was sinking slowly behind the woods; and at nine o'clock, as I heard the tattoo beat from a dozen quarters, I turned obliquely to the left, and was soon involved in complete darkness. For nine miles I met no human being, and heard no sounds but the ring of my horse's hoofs, the rattle of his curb-chain, and the clink of my sword in its scabbard.

There was nothing of peril involved in my journey; but the times were irregular, the country expansive, and thousands of reckless men were abroad with arms in their hands. How had Brock Edmunds disappeared? His route to Rappahannock had not differed from mine. The night was not less fair. As horsemen, we were well matched; and that he had been faithful, I would pledge my life. How, whence, and wherefore had the stillness and mystery of the grave fallen upon him? I could not surmise; I only know that, as I remembered his goodness, pleasantness, and usefulness, I resolved, if chance should give me a clue whereby to follow or revenge him, I would do it at all risks. My way led mainly through scrub timber; the road was little more than a cow path, so sinuous that I was compelled to trust entirely to the instinct of my steed, and so dark that I was not without fear of pitfalls and prostrate trees. Fortunately the route had been seldom travelled, and the clay roadway was hard, level, and unencumbered by the slush and *debris* that usually mark the route of an army. There was much of romance, and pleasant feverish excitement in the ride. The hoofs of my horse struck sparks from stony places, and the whistle of night-birds, the scream of owls, the whine of wild pigs, and the long shrill chirp of crickets and lizards made strange and eery music. Weird likenesses of beings colossal, hideous eyes that shone from thickets, and glimpses of spectral sky breaking through boughs and leaves; starlight reflected in slimy pools; deserted homesteads staring black and ghostly from hill-tops; clumps of negro cabins, that looked half human through their great windowy eyes; clearings across which the night winds blew dismally; and quaint old stacks and hay barracks—these were some of the spectacles that greeted me on the way. And when, at eleven o'clock, I answered the challenge of a patrol, and found that I had almost reached my journey's end, I drew a sigh of relief, and reining my horse into a quiet pace, soon dismounted before the quarters of General H——.

He had not anticipated my message, and was about retiring to his bed. But after swearing roundly once or twice, he resumed his garments, summoned his aides, and ordered his brigade under arms. In a few minutes, lights were twinkling here and there, great wagons laden with tents and field utensils went lumbering across the fields, and mounted men loomed away in battalion. The multitudinous camps had folded themselves noiselessly, and were off.

I resolved to return with my own pony, for he seemed yet fresh and unwearied, and obtaining a sealed reply to my communication, accepted the offer of a drop of brandy and a cigar, and remounted my horse. The general called out to me as I moved off: "Have you heard anything of Captain Edmunds?"

"Nothing."

"He was a fine fellow," said the general, turning away. "I gave him the proper countersign just at this hour of the night, and he took some spirits, as you have done, before departing."

"Pardon me a moment, general," I replied, "but as a matter of curiosity, will you tell me the countersign for that evening?"

"Ticonderoga," he answered shortly. "Good night."

As a rule, I give no regard to coincidences, I do not believe in signs; I despise dreams and omens; but there are moments when reason, in spite of itself, gives way to superstition, and such moments were mine, as I turned my face toward Warrenton Springs, and ground my horse harshly with the spur. Not only had my journey corresponded with that of Brock Edmunds in all its essentials of time, route, and object, but the circumstances had tallied, not excepting the otherwise insignificant item of the countersign, for the password on this evening was "Crown Point," and that of the previous evening its associate battle of "Ticonderoga." In addition to these resemblances, I could not forget that the disappearance of my friend had pressed upon my mind for days with peculiar and intense interest; I had dreamed fitfully of his return, I had talked incessantly of his virtues, I had loved him with the fervor of a brother; nay, I had felt a conviction, too subtle to be explained, too positive to be mistaken—and on this evening oppressive beyond melancholy—that with his fate my life was in some way bound up. It was in vain that I puffed vigorously at my pipe, and strove to recall lighter topics—my mother, perhaps awake even now, and praying in the dim watches for her errant boy; my betrothed, who might be murmuring my name amid her dreams; my mess-companions, roaring at their revels; the grim old general awaiting my return, with the blue eyes of his Madonna ever upon him; the troops on the march, roused up at my unwelcome summons—but one by one these cheerful themes faded away, and the fate of Brock Edmunds resumed its place in my fancies. His face, like a spectre, glided before me in the darkness; his name, like a ghostly refrain, came up to my lips with every hoof-beat; and as I halted obedient to challenge, by the last clustering picket, my hollo of "Crown Point" seemed to provoke a thousand dismal echoes of "Ticonderoga" and "Brock Edmunds."

"Have you the time, sentry?" I called to the patrol.

"Twelve o'clock, midnight!" said the deep voice of the horseman, vanishing in the gloom.

For nine miles to come, I should meet no living soul. The blowing of my pony, as I spurred him again, admonished me that hard travel was beginning to tell upon him; so I beat the ashes out of my pipe, buttoned my coat close to the throat, and chirping encouragingly, pushed forward gallantly, though not at headlong speed. But the flush and exultation of my ride were over; a strange, weired nervousness had succeeded. The noise of wild swine in the brush alarmed me; twice I laid my hand agitatedly upon my sword, and once halted with drawn pistol at the shriek of a frightened night-hawk. Ashamed of these unmanly weaknesses, I thought to compose myself by singing a cheerful stave, but my voice was so hollow and unreal, that I shuddered and ceased. At last, with a loud "Woa," and a chill, quick quiver, I stopped in the middle of the road, and felt the perspiration standing like night-dew on my forehead.

I too was lost!

For more than an hour, I had failed to recognize passing objects. However my tremor and terror had lengthened the miles, I had yet preserved some approximate estimate of time, and knew that, in the due course of travel, I should have been at Warrenton Springs. But in the rush of fears and fancies, in the gloom and shadow of the night, in the certainty that having thrice gone over the same road, I should follow it safely again, I had missed my way. In place of the scrub maple, oak, magnolia, and gum that shut in the by-road by which I had come, I was now encompassed by dwarf pines and cedars, that revealed the open sky, but gave even more than the ordinary lonesomeness to the scenery. Sterile, uninhabited, interminable as I knew such soil to be, there was the additional fear that I had emerged upon a stretch of Virginia forest, wherein the traveller might wander for months, in dreary circles, finding neither outlet, guide, nor subsistence.

My first impulse was to retrace my steps, but after-thought suggested that I might go still farther astray, turning in the darkness into some more devious and dangerous path. I then bethought me of resting for the night, wrapped in my saddle-blanket, and waiting for daylight to assist me; but my horse was weary and hungry, and should have provender and shelter. While thus doubtful and perplexed, I heard a tread among the pines to the left, followed by a crash, and a hard, heavy breath. My hand reached nervously for my pistol. I stood erect in the stirrups, peering through the gloom with my finger pressing tightly against the trigger, and a stammering challenge upon my lips. A dark object bounded from the brush, and passing across the road close before me, disappeared. I resolved it into a horse, and in the dim, uncertain shadow, saw that it was lame!

Cursing my cowardice, I replaced the pistol in its holster, and chirping to my beast, went wearily onward. There was a chance, at least, that I should reach some secluded farmhouse or negro hut. After the space of a half hour, I came to a fence and gate, and to my great relief discerned the stacks and out-houses of a farm. A second gate through which I passed creaked dismally behind me, and shut with a loud noise, but turning the angle of a log-cabin, I had the satisfaction of dismounting before an ancient Virginia residence, where a candle still burned in the lower story, and streaming through a window, cast a flood of light across the yard. It was a dwelling framed after a fashion immemorial in the South. Long, open porches, roofed and railed and ascended by steps, enclosed it in front and in rear, while the brick chimneys at the gables were built outside of the house, and against it. The kitchen was a separate building, but connected with the dwelling by a covered passage-way, or colonnade, and both dwelling and kitchen had peaked or double roofs. There were, as I saw at a glance, two wells, one modern in construction, consisting of a windlass and chain for raising or lowering the bucket; but the other was a description of well found only in America, and even these rapidly falling into disuse, known as the pole or balance-well. It consisted of a long hickory pole or shaft, suspended from a forked or crotched upright, and tied at its short or tapering end to a pendant or rod. To this was attached the bucket, which could be readily lowered by hand, and hoisted by the superior weight of the long end of the pole. I was particularly attracted to this latter well, because, curiously enough, the heavy end of the pole was in the air, and the bucket apparently at the bottom of the well. The well hole was covered with planks, and from the circumstance of a broken plough being deposited above them, I inferred that the well was no longer used. It had a quaint and venerable appearance, standing thus in the night, and I wondered that its position should be so reversed. The whole place, indeed, had an air of gloom and improvidence. Some of the windows in the dwelling were stuffed with old hats and breeches, the whitewash had peeled from the weather-boarding, the porches were rotten and tottering, and except the cheerful glow of the fire, I saw nothing indicative of hospitality and comfort. Long experience in camps, however, had familiarized me to rough fare, and I felt very grateful for the opportunity to rest till morning, and to feed my faithful pony.

Leaping lightly up the steps, and traversing the porch, I knocked thrice, quickly and loudly. Some shuffling of feet and earnest whispering ensued, and then a hideously deformed boy opened the door. I do not know that I have ever seen a face so terror stricken; his lips were quivering, his knees trembling, and the hand by which he held the latch shivered and rattled in a fearful manner. I saw at a glance that one of his feet was clubbed, and that his right arm was short and withered. Beside a blazing log-fire in the great sooty chimney-place sat two girls and a very old man, who seemed quite as ill at ease. The pale faces of the girls were little relieved by the attitude of the man, who had attempted to rise, but appeared to have been paralyzed in the act. In his hand he grasped the tongs, and his face expressed conflicting emotions of hate, fear, and despair.

"Good-evening," said I soothingly; "I hope that I haven't disturbed you."

"You *have* disturbed me," said the old man, rattling the tongs in his quaking fingers; "you ha' nigh been the death o' me. You ha' given me a turn that'll shorten my days. What are you arter, on folk's property in the dead hour o' night, knockin' at their doors, and scarin' their wimmin?"

At this one of the girls began to sob, and the eyes of the cripple dilated with rage.

"Compose yourselves," said I, walking into the room, my spurs clattering, and my sword dragging along the floor; "I am not an enemy, though I wear the uniform of one. I am a soldier, as you see, astray and wearied, and willing to pay for a bed by your fire, and a little corn for my horse."

"We ha' nayther bed nor corn for Yankees. You ha' overrun our farms, and murdered our boys. Beggary and tears come upon you all, as you ha' brought them upon us!"

"Nay, then," said I, drawing up a chair, and seating myself resolutely by the hearth, "since you are so inhospitable, I must take what you will not sell. Here I sit, and here I shall remain. If there is food in your stable I must seize enough for my beast, and at daylight I will leave you."

The cripple looked murderously into my eyes here, as if measuring my strength and courage; but I quietly removed my spurs, cast off my sword, and asked him the way to the stable.

"Get the lantern, Jay," said the man; "if we are to lose the corn, we may as well be paid. Show the soldier to the cowhouse. Gi' him twelve ears and a rick o' hay. Marth'-Ann, do you spread a counterpane yer in the corner. Nancy, fetch up a pail of cider. Stir yer trotters!"

Settling himself in the chair, the old man muttered nervously, and glowered at the fire as he raked the fagots in a heap. Pale and sinister, the cripple limped through a doorway, and fumbled in the darkness of another room for the required lantern. The girls fulfilled their instructions with agitated faces, and cast doubtful eyes upon me at intervals. They were coarsely clothed in frocks of grey kersey, and their shoes were rough and large. The younger of the two had a prettily timid face, with shy black eyes, and her hair was tied with a piece of blue ribbon.

"What's yer name at home?" said the old man at length, looking fiercely up. I replied good-humoredly, anxious to induce a pleasanter reception, and asked the old gentleman to tell me his own name in return.

"Lightfoot, sir," said he, in a tone of mingled braggadocio and sullenness. "The Lightfoots ha' been one o' the fust families. Jeems Lightfoot was the best speaker that ever sot in the legislater of Virginny. Neal Lightfoot belonged to the Wiggins branch o' the family, and owned the best Piedmont horses in this section o' country. Patrick Lightfoot of Jeems River—"

"Yers the lantern for the Yankee," said the cripple, limping into the room. He stared blackly and half defiantly, flung open the door, and muttering that I was to "look alive arter my hoss," led the way across the yard to a log-stable or shed.

"Stop," said I; "the good pony must be watered," and I turned towards the old well. To my great surprise, the cripple darted forward, dropping his lantern, and seizing me with the grip of a strong man.

"Don't go there!" he said, with a strangely altered voice "there ain't no water there! The pole is got wedged at the bottom. Come yer; come this way."

I found him absolutely dragging me, and was not more amazed at his vehemence than at his wonderful physical power, so inconsistent, as I thought, with his deformity. Truly, I had fallen among boorish people. Yielding to the whim of the lad, I watered my horse at the windlass well, but refused to remove the saddle at his solicitation. Returning to the dwelling, I found a table spread, and some Indian bread, bacon, and cider prepared for me. The young girl to whom I have alluded, sat at the head of the table, but I failed to interest her in conversation, and turned at length to the old man.

"This is a sad war, sir?"

"You folks got it up."

"We lament it, I am sure, as much as you do."

"Likely. Look at *me*, spoiled in land and cattle, a prisoner in my own house, an alien in my own country—my four sons driven from me, but, thank God, fighting out their deliverance agin you and your hordes."

"Come," said I softly, "let us lay these things aside to-night. Return to better days and themes. You have still a spark of regard for the good old Union. Have you forgotten the palmy time of '76, when South and North stood shoulder to shoulder at *Ticonderoga*—"

I stopped in mute astonishment. At the iteration of the last word, a deathly pallor came over the old gentleman; his chin dropped upon his bosom, and his hands hung nervelessly upon his chair. From bold maniacal defiance, he had changed to cowed, tremulous, demented silence. Suddenly and mechanically he rose, groped by way of the wall to a staircase, and shuffling like a man in a dream, disappeared. I saw no more of him that night. The girls, scarcely less agitated, also immediately retired; and I was left alone with the cripple, astounded at the effect of my oratory, and certain that I had fallen into a house of lunatics.

I had been previously acquainted with bitter Southern partisans, but the animosity of this family was altogether savage and unprecedented. There was certainly the extenuating circumstance of the younger Lighfoots' connection with the Confederate service; and the irritability of old age might have been intensified by losses of negroes, live-stock, and provender. The people were likewise, as I could see, rude, ignorant, and perhaps wicked. In this way, I could account for their passion; but the more appalling evidences of fear and suspicion remained unexplained. As I sat absorbed in a review of the occurrences of the evening, I looked casually across the room at the cripple, who had been for some minutes sitting silently upon the floor. The firelight revealed his face, though his body was bathed in shadow, and I saw that he was leering darkly upon me. Out of all patience with the fellow, I called to him in no very amiable voice: "My man, haven't you a face in your *repertoire* less devlish than that you are wearing to-night?"

He grinned contemptuously, but did not speak.

"I shall be under the necessity of tossing a plate in your face presently, so you had better remove out of distance."

He rose from his place, limped to the stairway, and I heard his heavy, unequal tread overhead for some time, when finally it ceased, and the house was given over to silence. Having emptied the pail of cider, and supped plenteously, I threw myself upon the spread in the corner, and resumed my contemplations. Why were these people out of their beds at so late an hour? Had they expected visitors? Why had they alternately shuddered and vaunted? Had some great remorse with them blended with some yet more wicked purpose? Might not their fanaticism mean more than it had seemed? Was I, in short, safe in this house, travel-worn, disarmed, solitary, and asleep? Pshaw! a cripple, two girls, and a garrulous old dotard. What were these pitted against a vigilant, active soldier, close to camp, and prepared for any emergency? I had unmanned myself thrice to-night; should I become again a prey to childish terrors? I tossed my sword contemptuously upon the table, spurned my holsters with my foot, and leaning my head upon my arm, studied the bare floor, the huge chimney, the beamed and whitewashed ceiling, the square and rope-seated chairs. A few coarse pictures hung upon the wall—a trotting-horse, a popular preacher, a Confederate general, a head of Washington. Opposite, lay a door and two windows; at my feet, a door, and these looked out upon the two porches. A rough mantel-piece surmounted the chimney, ornamented with a stuffed coonskin and a pair of unsightly candlesticks. I contrasted the boorish denizens of this place with my own family and those of my friends in the North; I thought of the plain frock and pretty features of the younger girl, whose name, as I had heard, was that of my own affianced, Martha; and, touching this theme, I folded my arms upon my breast, and dropped into a feverish sleep. It might have been the strange influences and events of the evening, or more directly the draughts of whiskey and cider that troubled me; at anyrate, my slumber was broken by dreams and quick awakenings; and, curiously enough, the old well in the yard recurred again and again among these fancies. If my visions turned, during any moments, upon the companions of my mess, the associates of my boyhood, the incidents of my night-journey, the affianced of my love, they failed in no case to return to the ancient well. At one time, it seemed, the huge shaft had fallen upon my heart, and bruised it most cruelly; again I had fallen into the well, and climbing to the surface, found that I had been swimming in blood; and, in the end, both shaft and well had resolved themselves into the hideous cripple, who sat leeringly upon a bucket, and as I pursued him, limped away like an apparition.

At this latest phase of my dream, I awoke tremulously. Was it a shadow that flitted by the opposite window? Surely something had moved across the transparent panes, quick, spectral, and noiseless. I sat up immediately, and rubbing my eyes, took note of doors and windows. The latch was closed, the room deserted. My sword remained upon the table, my holster and pistols still lay upon the floor where I had thrown them. With a sneer and an execration, I lay down again, but only to dream anew of the cripple, the old well, the lonely road, the pony that stood saddled in the stable, the grim warrior waiting for my return. Again I started fitfully, and sitting bolt upright, beheld as certainly as I had sight, a human hand reaching through a niche in the door towards my holsters. Quicker than the thought, I had leaped to my feet and reached the threshold. Fool! Nothing stood without but the solemn darkness. An unaccountable thirst possessed me; my throat had become parched, and my lips were glued feverishly together. Staggering rather than walking across the creaking porch, I turned towards the well. The great pole stood poised in the air, the rod pointed significantly into the pit. A strange, irresistible impulse drew me onward; I resolved to test the mystery of that well! One by one I removed the outlying boards. The ploughshare rang funereally as I heaved it aside, and the deep well pit lay black and yawning beneath me. The cold sweat oozed from my forehead as I seized the rod and pulled stubbornly upward. Surely the bucket attached must be hooped of iron, for a weight so great was never lifted from household well before. Tremulously, heavily, the great end of the pole swayed downward; something dark and dripping came in view—a heap inanimate, crushed, and swaying to and fro.

I dropped the rod with a cry and a curse, for as God is my judge, Brock Edmunds's face, all leprous and bloody, and shrouded in matted hair, had appeared to me, caught in the gripping hook of the bucket!

For a moment, I lay nerveless and breathless upon the cold ground. The weird incidents of the night developed themselves in all their horrible relations to the murder of my friend. I now comprehended the terror of my host—his trepidation at the utterance of "Ticonderoga," the password of the night in which this butchery had been effected—the strange conduct of the cripple at my approach to the well—the riderless horse that limped before me in the dimness! Had Providence designed me to discover and avenge? Or was I likewise to be sacrificed to the demoniac hate of this savage family?

A door in the direction of the stable shut here with a shock, admonishing me that some one was abroad. Stealthily creeping across the lawn, I entered the stall where my horse yet remained, and discovering something that stood motionless in a far corner, pressed toward it, but received in an instant a powerful blow upon the left side of the head, that nearly felled me. I closed at once with the cripple, for it was he, and, maddened by pain and rage, threw him heavily upon the ground. A few moments served to bind him securely with a halter, and almost instantly I heard the beating of hoofs in front of the house. Four horsemen rode up in the starlight, and dismounting close to the porch, slipped quietly into the dwelling. A minute more, and I should be discovered; another, and I should be cold and dripping, like the heap of mortality that lay in the well.

I caught at my bridle frantically, dragged my beast to the door, and mounting, dashed over the gate and bar. I left all to my horse. I shouted maniacally to drive him forward. I leaped ditches and fens, bruised my limbs against the keen edges of cedars, and, clinging by mane and pummel, gave him freedom of rein and bit. A fierce, feverish desire for life, *life*, LIFE, possessed me. I knew that I was followed. The shouts of the fiends behind me rang hoarsely above the dash of hoofs, and the panting of my weary horse admonished me that he could not keep his pace. Then it was that the memories of the past, the sanguine anticipations of the future, the sins and shortcomings unrepented of, the promises unfulfilled, the prayers unsaid, came rushing agonizedly upon me. I was about to realize the glory of war—a pass of steel or a pistol flash, a trampled body by the wayside, a secluded grave, and a fate unknown. In vain should the general wait impatiently till dawn, in vain my beloved chafe for her expected letter, in vain my mother continue to kneel with my name upon her lips. I should die with the infamous accusation of desertion; my messmates would recur to me with bitterness, and in place of a solemn procession and a honorable tomb, I should moulder in the dampness and silence of the lonesome well. These things flashed upon me as the trees and clouds went by. An eternity of thought concentrated in those awful moments, as I heard behind me the tramp of the blood-thirsty fiends—brothers, as I knew, of the deformed. Oh, for my holsters and the good irons they contained! Oh, for my naked sword, that lay with them by the accursed hearth!

My tired horse had slackened his speed; the pursuers were closing the gap between us; I raised my eyes to the sky, and commended my soul to God!

But suddenly something glittered midway in the road, a few rods behind me; I recognised the sabre of a sentry, and with mad hollo of "Crown Point! Crown Point!" galloped into the midst of a Federal picket! At the same moment a score of rifles cracked close beside me, and my horse fell heavily to the ground.

Well, indeed, had my comrade been avenged. There remained of the Lightfoots only the daughters, for the old man was stiff and pallid in his bed, and the saddles of his sons had all been emptied. These worthies had run the gauntlet of our pickets for the last time. We discovered their bridle path on our return, whereby they had made perilous but frequent visits to the old homestead. The cripple had disappeared, and having vainly searched the dwelling, the barns, and the woods adjacent, we repaired to the well, to raise the body of the gallant young Virginian. The pole, curiously enough, resisted our efforts, and the body had apparently become wedged in the well. A Zouave having volunteered to descend, we let him gently into the pit, and directly he cried: "Pull up, for God's sake. Here are two men entangled in the water."

The cripple had escaped a "drum-head court martial," but a more circumstantial retribution had fallen upon him. Reckoning upon my death at the hands of his brothers, he had endeavored to replace the well-covering, but had unwittingly fallen into the well. Both bodies were recovered. The soldier received an honorable grave; the assassin was tossed back with execrations into the pit. My poor horse had done me a last good service; a bullet released him from his pain; but my comrades, at the general's suggestion, presented me with a splendid subscription pony. It was discovered that Edmunds and I had similarly lost our ways, diverging into the same path. The death blow had been dealt him by the strong left arm of the cripple, and the last breath of the victim had shouted, in the vain hope of assistance, the memorable password, "Ticonderoga." The unwitting reiteration of this word on my part had revived the remorse of the deed in the heart of the elder assassin.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

## JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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## "COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS."

BY "MARION HARLAND."

In the next number of THE POST we design commencing the promised story of "COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS," written expressly for our columns by the popular authoress, "MARION HARLAND."

## AN EXPLANATION.

In our Prospectus for this year we announced among our contributors the name of Edmund Kirke, author of "Among The Pines." That announcement was the result of a correspondence with Mr. Kirke, which we supposed to be closed by a mutual understanding. Recently however we received a letter from Mr. Kirke, from which it appears that he never received our last letter, in which we accepted a certain proposition conditionally. He now writes to us however:—"I cannot *promise* to write at all, but as you have announced me in the 'bills,' and thus perhaps committed yourselves to the public, I will *try* to give you what you want before many months."

Notwithstanding the aforesaid blunder of the mail therefore, we have hopes to present our readers before long with a story of Mr. Kirke's upon a subject not hitherto touched by his vivid pen.

## THE REASON WHY.

There seems to be an unanimous answer from all the organs of rebel opinion, to those men at the North who like Vallandigham and Brooks talk of "compromise," that they will accept nothing less than an acknowledgment of their independence.

Now the reason of this to us appears very evident—and is, as we think, as follows:—In a popular government, like that of the United States, the will of a determined majority of the voters must always, sooner or later, prevail. Constitutional provisions and judicial decisions amount simply to drags and clogs upon the public sentiment—they may delay, but they can never absolutely arrest any action which a decided majority of the people may resolve to take.

Therefore with a strong popular antipathy of the majority to any institution, that institution ultimately cannot fail to be overthrown. For entrench it as you may by contracts and guarantees, the wit of an assaulting party can always evade what the wit of the defenders has contrived.

Besides, the judiciary in a free government, will always find means and reasons to gratify the majority of the people—who can bestow such high rewards for faithful service. The history of the highest courts, both in England and America, is by no means deficient in cases where long lines of precedents and decisions have been completely reversed in obedience to the commands of a regal, class, or popular controlling power.

Now if any compromise possibly could be adopted which would enable the minority in a free government to rule or even control the majority, there might be no difficulty in compromising the present rebellion.

Thus John C. Calhoun in his life-time proposed various plans to effect this. One was to have two Presidents, and other of his suggestions were equally absurd and impracticable. But they were absurd only because he was striving to obtain the impossible—a free government in which the majority of voters should not ultimately control and mould all the institutions, state and national.

We are not arguing of course the rightfulness or wrongfulness of such popular action—we are only stating a fact, that the will of the majority, resolutely and inflexibly set upon any change in a free government, will inevitably, sooner or later, effect it. That no paper constitutions, state lines, pledges or guarantees can do more than delay and procrastinate the triumph of such a majority. For if the very essence of your government consist in the principle that the majority shall rule, how are you going to prevent the majority from ruling?

This, as it strikes us, is the reason that the rebel leaders scoff at the very idea of a compromise—regarding any arrangement of the kind that it would be possible to make, as simply tantamount to an ultimate surrender.

## MRS. WOOD.

The *Press* of this city, in a recent article, says:—

> All that is positively known of Mrs. Henry Wood is that she resides in the West-end of London, (which suggests that she is well off,) but we suspect from her minute description of a cathedral city and her minute acquaintance with the glove manufacture, that she must have passed her youth in Worcester, the seat of a bishop's see, and a place where glove making employs half the people. Mrs. Wood, who has burst upon the reading world with such sudden splendor, has written stories for the *Saturday Evening Post*, in this city, for several years, but only a few persons seem to have guessed at her great ability.

Yes, and very amusing has it been to THE POST to see its contemporaries, even those domiciled within a stone's throw of its office, heralding Mrs. Wood as a "new star," and speaking of her "sudden splendor," when she had been a regular contributor to THE POST for years. And the story which made Mrs. Wood's reputation, "East Lynne," is not so good a story either as "The Earl's Daughters," published by us just three years ago. But so it has been in other cases. Mrs. Wood is not the first author whose merits were acknowledged in THE POST several years before critics generally could be brought to see them.

In fact, literary people, like all other people, manifest a good deal of the sheep nature. They go in flocks. In England, the old ram is the *London Times*; the *Times* led off in an article upon Mrs. Wood's "East Lynne," and then all the other sheep, big and little, on both sides of the ocean, followed its lead. It's a funny world.

By the way, for the edification of our contemporaries, we may inform them that decidedly the best things that Mrs. Wood has written are her shorter stories—especially "The Red-Court Farm," "The Rock," and "Clara Lake's Dream." The last especially is one of the finest stories we ever read—and yet it was published years ago in THE POST without attracting much attention. Probably it was "caviare to the general."

## ARBITRARY ARRESTS.

The Washington *National Intelligencer* says:—

> ARBITRARY ARRESTS IN THE SOUTH.—Rev. Mr. Graves has been arrested in Richmond for publishing a statement calculated to show that the resources, energy, and determination of the North (which he had recently visited) would in the end, notwithstanding present appearances, prove too much for the South. So it appears that a man must keep his opinions to himself in Richmond if they are unfavorable to the success of the rebellion. Mr. Graves is a distinguished Baptist clergyman of Tennessee, and has recently made a long tour through the Northern states. The result is that he thinks the Government will finally overcome the insurgents; he says so, and is sent to prison.

They make quick work with a man down South who ventures to give public expression even to a doubt of the success of the rebellion. We think it more than probable that as many men have been *hung* in the South for their Union sentiments, as have even been arrested for their rebel proclivities at the North. And this is natural—a bad cause requires greater severity to insure its success than a good one. You have to be very vigilant and active in such cases, for the general tendencies of things are against you. As we read in the Scriptures, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

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GEN. BRAGG SUPERCEDED.—The Richmond papers claim that Bragg won the battle of Murfreesboro. And yet we see it stated that Gen. Longstreet has arrived at Shelbyville with thirteen brigades from Lee's army in Virginia, and has superceded Bragg in command of the rebel army in Tennessee. That is a curious mode of rewarding a "victorious" commander—to supercede him.

## A CHIVALRIC PHRASE.

The Richmond papers report the rebel leader as speaking on a recent occasion as follows:-

> The President then alluded to his visit to the West. He went there to find dissatisfaction and confusion, but he found, on the contrary, as at other places, our gallant boys ready to meet five times their numbers, and to whip them as they have done at Murfreesboro. (!)
>
> The new year, he said, comes in auspiciously for us. It finds us victorious at every point, and it finds our enemies beginning to feel what we have borne patiently; *and like true dunghills, we hear them squall at the first touch of the gaff.*

The cock-fighting allusion in the last sentence of the above, would seem to prove the stubborn power of vicious associations. Not even while attempting to play the dignified *role* of "President," could the rebel leader repress the utterance of an allusion which opens to view the innate vulgarity of his mind. Has Mr. Davis given up his connection with the church, relative to which his niece wrote about a year ago in such a pathetic manner? Or is cock-fighting only a week-day recreation, while he is still regular in his attendance at the "stated preaching" on Sundays?

But, aside from the vulgarity of Jeff. Davis's language, that gentleman is probably right, in one sense. If he does hear any "squalling" from the North, it is only from the throats of "true dunghills." From all others, whatever be the political party to which they belong, he hears, to use his own elegant and "superior-class" phraseology, no "squalling."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INTUITIONS AND SUMMARIES OF THOUGHT. In two volumes. By C. N. BOVEE. Published by William Veazie. Boston.

"Intuitions and Summaries of Thought!" What lightning glimpses into the deep Unseen, what deep philosophy, what axioms for the guidance of life does not such a title suggest. The writer of fiction may be content to amuse, the essayist to present and elucidate one idea, but great must be the mind which can thus pour us out whole bushels of the very kernels of thought from its own over-brimming storehouse! Moreover, when we see such a work issued by a Boston publisher, coming to us accredited by the previous appearance of a part of its contents in *the* Boston magazine, and followed by a gentle murmur of approval from various Hub-of-the-Universe periodicals, our expectations wax higher and more fervent.

In such a mood of undoubting faith do we open these pretty volumes, with their strings of apophthegms arrayed in alphabetical orderliness, and prepare to delectate ourselves with its plums of wisdom. Alas! sad and sudden is the collapse with which we find ourselves plunged into a swamp of platitudes and trivialities; notions with nothing better to support them than the "I think so" of their author, or truths so trite that their recapitulation is not only unnecessary but impertinent. But lest our readers should, very reasonably, be disposed to doubt a judgment in opposition to the high authorities aforesaid, let us dip at random into these Intuitions and Summaries of Thought, and give a taste of their quality. To begin modestly with A.

"AMERICANS.

> "Every American should consider himself an example to all other men, as his country, politically, (its institution of slavery excepted,) is to all other countries."

Or poetically with B.

"BEAUTY.

> "The beauty of a lovely woman is an inspiration, a *sweet delirium, a gentle madness*. Her looks are love-potions. Heaven itself is never so clearly revealed to us as in the face of a beautiful woman."

Cynically with C.

"CONFIDENCE.

> "A thorough scoundrel values the confidence you repose in him only as it enables him to abuse it. He desires that it may be absolute, that it may put you more completely in his power. What an extremity of baseness does this indicate!"

And so on down to "Izzard."

This is "pretty mis'able, thank you,"—as an old colored lady says in answer to inquiries as to her health. But the explanatory foot-notes and illustrative anecdotes of our author are much more amusing than his didactics. Boswell himself never showed a more touching naivete in his self revelations, and in the complacency with which he records a snub. Under the head of "Beauty and Purity" he gives us the following:

> "Happening to observe one day that if there was one of the children of Earth over whom the angels, the children of Heaven, might be expected to watch, it was over the slumbers of a sinless and beautiful girl." "And why not over the slumbers of a homely girl?" suggested a friend. "I could not so well conceive it!"

Here is a graceful illustration of the remarkable fact that people object to having their peculiarities sharply criticised.

> "'Mrs. B.,' said I, to a charming woman, 'do you know that you have a nasal twang to your voice?' The lady colored, then looked surprised, then indignant. I hastened to explain. 'Most Americans have, and you, as an American, share the peculiarity.' But the explanation came too late. The general truth was disregarded, and only the personal application taken notice of."

Why *will* the whole race of Dogberries so persist in their desire to be "writ down"—Dogberries!

We do not wish to be ill-natured or personal; but when a man presumes to sit in the teacher's seat he deserves no mercy from the public for the effrontery which offers them such sad stuff as this. We sum up the book in better words than our own:—"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search."

### Mr. Chase's Financial Scheme.

The following Bill recently offered in the House, is said to embody the views of Mr. Chase, and will probably pass:—

*Be it enacted, &c.*, That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to borrow on the credit of the United States from time to time, and in such amounts as shall be needed for the service of the current and next fiscal year, and in such form and at such rates of interest not exceeding six per cent. per annum, as in his judgment the public interest may require, the sum of nine hundred million dollars, and to issue for any part of that amount coupon or registered bonds, payable in coin at any time after twenty years from date, at the pleasure of the Government, or Treasury notes payable in lawful money at any time not over three years from date, bearing interest not over six per cent., payable in like manner; and for any part of the amount required by the exigencies of the public service to pay the army and navy, and other creditors of the Government, may be issued United States notes not bearing interest, payable to bearer at the Treasury of the United States, of such denominations not less than one dollar, as the Secretary of the Treasury may deem expedient. The bonds issued under the authority of the Act shall be of such denominations, not less than fifty dollars, and the Treasury notes of such denominations, not less than ten dollars, as may be determined by the Secretary of the Treasury, and interest on the said bonds shall be paid semi-annually in coin, and on said Treasury notes payable in lawful money, at such time or times as may be expressed on their face. The Secretary of the Treasury may dispose of said bonds at such rates, not less than par, as he may deem best, for lawful money of the United States, or for any indebtedness of the United States, and they shall be exempt from taxation by or under any State laws. The aggregate amount of all the bonds, Treasury notes and United States notes, together, outstanding under this Act shall not exceed at any one time the sum of nine hundred millions of dollars.

Section 2. The Treasury notes authorized by this Act with the accrued interest thereon, shall be receivable at par at all times for internal taxes, and all dues to the United States except duties on imports, and may be exchanged at the Treasury of the United States at any time under such rules as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury for an equal amount of United States notes, not bearing interest as aforesaid; and when returned to the Treasury Department and cancelled, the Secretary of the Treasury may issue Treasury notes or United States notes of the same amount in the place of them.

Section 3. The United States notes not bearing interest, authorized to be issued by this Act, shall be lawful money and a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, except for duties on imports and interest on the public debt; and any of said notes may be issued from time to time as the exigencies of the public service may require, and new notes may be issued in place of any notes issued or to be issued which have been or may be returned and cancelled.

Section 4. Any bonds that we have been heretofore, or that may hereafter be, issued by and on the faith of the Government of the United States, shall be deemed to be due and payable in coin at any time, at the pleasure of the Government of the United States, after the period designated in the bonds for the payment of the same.

Section 5. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to receive deposits of coin and bullion with the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in sums not less than twenty dollars, and to issue receipts therefor in denominations of not less than twenty dollars each, and corresponding with the denominations of the Government notes not bearing interest; the coin deposited for or representing said receipts shall be retained in the Treasury for the payment of such receipts on demand, and for no other purposes whatever, except that such receipts representing coin held in the Treasury for payment of interest on the public debt to an extent not beyond one-fifth more than the amount of coin in the Treasury, and such receipt shall be received at par in payment for duties on imports as coin.

Section 6 extends the former law with reference to punishing counterfeiting to the notes and bonds authorized by this act.

Section 7. That in addition to the notes less than one dollar, commonly called postage currency, already issued or hereafter to be issued, the Secretary of the Treasury may issue fractional notes of like amounts, prepared, engraved and printed under the direction of the Secretary, in the Treasury Department building; and said fractional notes may be exchanged for said postage currency and for United States notes, and shall be receivable in payment of dues for customs not exceeding one dollar, and for all other dues to the United States not exceeding three dollars.

Section 8 appropriates six hundred thousand dollars to carry this Act into effect.

### THE OPERATIONS OF OUR IRON-CLAD FLEET.

A fleet of three monitors—the Montauk, Passaic and Patapsco—is now prepared for active operations against a southern port. In all probability before the attack is made this fleet will be joined by the Wehawken and Nahant; so that we may not receive intelligence of active operations until the latter part of this month.

No doubt exists of the power of these boats to enter any harbor on the southern coast, where there is water sufficient to float them, and no obstacles, in the face of the most formidable batteries that have been erected. It must be remembered, however, that one great difficulty must be surmounted before the monitors can be made available—they must be transported in safety to the place of destination and be prepared to immediately enter upon their work.

There is no harbor on the Atlantic coast, which it is desirable to repossess, that has an offing, or roadstead, sufficiently calm to enable vessels of the monitor class to ride in safety while preparing for an attack, or while compelled, by a violent storm or heavy swell, to defer entering the harbor. Hence from the point of departure, which will be Beaufort, N. C., the time chosen must be of the most favorable state of the weather, and one which has been preceded by off shore winds, so that the sea will be smooth and the run rapid. Then the elements must still be propitious to enable the vessels to run past the batteries and into the harbor. If they succeed in this their object is accomplished. If they fail in almost any particular of their voyage, the failure will in all probability be attended with results of a disastrous nature.

This season is somewhat propitious for a coasting voyage of the iron clads, but still the nature of their construction requires that they should be handled with great skill, and that the highest talent should be employed in their navigation. Men of practical experience on the coast, only, should be entrusted with the conduct of so important a movement. Naval commanders who have lives entrusted to their care and the highest interests of the nation to sustain, should not neglect the advice and proffered assistance of men whose lives have been spent in navigating the most perilous places on the Atlantic coast.

### GIRLS ON ICE.

Don't imagine for an instant, girls, that learning to skate is the least bit calculated to inspire you with any pleasing emotions. Far from it. I will tell you how it will be. You will say to John Henry:

"How I should like to know how to skate."

John Henry will say:

"Certainly, my love. Of course."

The next time he comes he will bring you a pair of Archer's or Macknet's best.

He will say:

"To-morrow evening, darling, at half past five."

To-morrow evening you will get your skates on about half-past six, with a strong determination to show John Henry what a graceful little fairy you are "on ice." He leads you from "terra firma" to "terra icea," which you at once discover to be a different kind of "terra" altogether. You bow to John Henry, and lift your right foot, which causes you to bow seventeen different ways at once. John Henry tells you to do as he does. You try to do so, and immediately some one falls. You look around to see who it is, and the thought strikes you "perhaps it is myself!" You are picked up, and fall down again eleven times without stopping.

Your skate is loose. Of course it is or you could strike out. John Henry loosens and tightens your straps in the usual way. You strike out with hands and feet with energy and enthusiasm. The former you plunge into John Henry's countenance, and with the latter you succeed in laying him out alongside of yourself. You rise, and he rises partially up, and you throw yourself into his bread basket in a very inhuman way. You hoarsely whisper:

"John Henry, I shall faint if you push me down again."

He helps you up, and you knock him down five times without stopping. At last you let him stand. He persuades you to release him, while he wipes the sweat from his noble brow. You nobly grant the boon; and, after superhuman exertions to maintain the perpendicular, you quietly settle slantindicularly into John Henry's coat sleeve. A look of desperation says, as plainly as a look can, "John Henry, why do you push and throw me down in this disagreeable way."

He looks at his watch.

"Is it possible! Eight o'clock, and your mother said you must be at home at nine."

Your prayers have been answered; and it is he that wants to go home and not you. You go home, and, if not very pious, you think a few very mild bad words about skating in general and learning to skate in particular.

Four days after, when you are just able to walk around the house, without limping—if you are reckless of life and limb—regardless of sprained ankles—or married to a feller what your pa likes and you don't—you will go again and learn to skate. It's ten to one, though, that you never try it the second time. So much "on ice."

Fossil Human Remains.—The question of fossil human remains has acquired a little fresh interest from the exploration made in a cave at Engihoul, in the province of Liege, by M. Malaise, of which a notice appears in the Bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Brussels. With a view to test the discoveries of Schmerling, made in the same province, M. Malaise explored the cave above mentioned, and discovered portions of lower jaws and fragments of skulls, all human, under a layer of stalagmite of from two to three centimetres thick, which in turn was covered by a bed of porous and pebbly silt, accumulated to a thickness of from fifty to sixty centimetres. With this silt were mingled bones of the cavern-bear, of pachyderms and ruminants; and as it showed no trace of ever having been disturbed, the conclusion is that the human bones are older than those of the quadrupeds. The subject has been ably discussed by the Belgian geologists; and as geologists in all parts of the world are keenly watching for fresh evidence, we may regard the question as likely to become more and more interesting.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Railway Ethics.—"What's the justice into a railroad?" said an old fellow, as he sat on his "stoop" about the going down of the sun, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cape Cod, "what's the justice into 'em? What's the justice in cartin' sand o' my farm to put it onto another man's ma'sh? Cuttin' round the country, runnin' over folks, killin' calfs, and heifers, and shoats—where's the justice in all that? And where's the 'commodation of 'em? As it used to was, when I wanted to go to Boston, I could tackle up my team in the mornin', a'ter a good breakfast, and set off when I got ready; now you've got to go when the bell rings! They wouldn't wait ten minutes for you. And when you get to Boston you can't stop where you want to—can't drive to where you want to put up. What kind o' 'commodation is that? And jes' so when you're comin' home; got to go to a particular place afore you can start, and got to come away when the bell rings ag'in! Good deal o' 'commodation in that, ain't they? I've never rode on one of the darned things, and I never will; but it's goin' on three years now that I've seen 'em come out and go in, and I never could see that they went so darned fast either."

☞ A journalist, whose wife had just presented him with twins, and who, for this reason, was compelled to neglect his paper for one day, wrote, the day after, the following excuse:—"We were unable to issue our paper yesterday, in consequence of the arrival of two extra males."

☞ Physiognomy is a true science. The man of profound thought, the man of ability, and, above all, the man of genius, has his character stamped by nature; the man of violent passions and the voluptuary have it stamped by habit.

### TRIALS OF AUTHORS.

Miss M. A. Braddon, whose novel of "Lady Audley's Secret" has gone into the eighth London edition in six months, was nearly unknown, as a writer, a year ago. First she tried to live as a piano-forte player and vocalist, but the public did not encourage her. Next, she played a small part or two on the stage, but with equal bad results. Lastly, she collapsed into pen and ink, wrote a sketch called the "Artist's Story," and, with great difficulty, succeeded in getting it published in a small periodical called *The Welcome Guest.* However, she got paid for it—a trifle, but enough to encourage her. One remembers how Scott's "Waverley" lay unfinished for ten years in an old desk, because his friend James Ballantyne threw upon it the cold water of his hostile criticism—how Charles Dickens had to entreat Dr. Black as a favor to admit his "Sketches by Boz" into the *Evening Chronicle*, as they were pronounced not good enough for the morning edition—how William Howitt's "Book of the Seasons," of which 100,000 copies have been sold, was rejected by nearly every London publisher, until, in very despair, he took the bundle of manuscript to Waterloo Bridge, determined to consign it to the Thames, but luckily met, in the Strand, Mr. Bentley, the only publisher he had not tried, who purchased the book at once—how Charlotte Bronte hawked "Jane Eyre" from post to pillar before any one would publish it—how Mrs. Stowe had great trouble in getting "Uncle Tom's Cabin printed—how Mr. Thackeray was in the same predicament with "Vanity Fair," and seriously thought of burning it, in his anger and despair. Miss Braddon's name may be added to the list.—*Philada. Press.*

### The Question of Peace.

The Richmond Dispatch of Jan. 10, discusses Mr. James Brooks's peace proposition. It says:

"Mr. Brooks appears to be in earnest in these extravagant propositions, strange as it may appear to any man who has possession of his senses; for, upon the occasion of presenting them, he made a long speech, and expressed himself confident of their success. Are the Northern people all natural-born fools, or are they only stricken with that judicial madness which we are told the gods always inflict upon the victims of their wrath preparatory to their ruin? Can they suppose that the South is as galless and as lily livered as themselves, and that they are willing, for mere considerations of interest, to forget the unheard-of outrages under which they have suffered during this war? Can they believe them capable of so soon burying in oblivion all that they have done, and all that they have suffered? * * * * *

"If the whole Yankee race should fall down in the dust to-morrow and pray us to be their masters, we would spurn them even as slaves. Our only wish is to be separated from them finally and forever—never to see the face of one of them again—never to hear the voice of another Yankee on the south side of the Potomac or the north—to have no traffic and no intercourse of any description whatever with them. We are fighting for separation, and we will have it, if it cost the life of every man in the Confederate States.

"We are aware that many persons believe that the party of which Brooks and Van Buren are the representatives, desire and design to restore peace, and that at present they dare not speak out their real sentiments, which are in favor of separation. We do not believe they are in favor of any such thing. They would like peace on condition of our return to the Union, and they are fools enough to believe that a majority of the people in the Confederacy are in favor of reunion. They would like peace on these terms, because it would restore the commercial supremacy of the North, and especially of the city of New York, which is gone forever if the Union be not restored. But they are as bitterly opposed to separation as Lincoln himself, or any of the thieves or murderers who lead his armies. In the event of a refusal to return to the Union, they would to a man unite in hounding on the assassins who are desolating our country and murdering our people as fiercely as they have ever been hounded on by Beecher and Hale. They look only to their pockets when they preach of reconciliation and restoration. If the same object could be effected by entirely destroying the people of the Southern States, and they thought it as easy to do, they would recommend it as the best of all possible policy. Let them be satisfied, however. President Davis expressed the sentiment of the entire Confederacy, in his speech the other night, when he said the people would sooner unite with a nation of hyenas than with the detested Yankee nation. Anything but that. English colonization, French vassalage, Russian serfdom, all, all are preferable to an association with the Yankees."

The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle treats of the same topic as follows:

"We must recollect that there is yet no peace party at the North based upon the only terms upon which we can make a peace. The so called peace party, or Democrats, or conservatives, or whatever they call themselves, have apparently no dissatisfaction of the war *per se*—they are only dissatisfied of the manner in which it is carried on. Such is their profession now—they may grow in grace until they advocate peace on our own terms; but it requires time for such a growth, and at present they are powerless. They are so much the more to be depended on, perhaps, because they are not in power, for the *outs* are always more virtuous than the *ins*; but it is to be feared that when they become *ins* their virtue will give way before the temptation offered by the public plunder."

A Rebel Raid.—Advices from Nashville on the 16th, say that Brigadier-General Forrest, of the rebel army, with a force of about four thousand men and twelve pieces of light artillery, attacked our relief and storeships coming up the Cumberland river, and succeeded in capturing five steamboats, laden with valuable commissary stores, and the gunboat Sidell. Several of the boats contained wounded soldiers, who, in jumping from them while burning, were shot in the water.

The negro crews were stripped of their clothing, tied to trees, cowhided, and left to starve on shore. The boats were all anchored in mid channel and burned, after being robbed of valuables. The officers and soldiers were stripped of clothing, placed on shore, and paroled.

On the other hand, an entire rebel regiment, numbering about three hundred men, deserted and came into our outpost, fifteen miles beyond Murfreesboro, on the 15th.

☞ I tell you, love, I have got the plan all in my head." "Ah, then it is in a nut-shell."

### A LIVING DEATH.

It sometimes happens on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland, that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer; it is glue. The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil, all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand-fleas continues to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines towards the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increased with every step which he takes. Suddenly he sinks in. He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand, he will retrace his steps; he turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles, he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand is half-leg deep; he throws himself to the right, the sand comes up to his shins.

Then he recognizes, with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load, if he has one; he lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is already too late, the sand is above his knees.

He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief, the sand gains on him more and more; if the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if the sand-bank is of too ill repute, if there is no hero in sight, it is all over, he is condemned to enlizement. He is condemned to that appalling interment, long, infallible, implacable, impossible to slacken, or to hasten, which endures for hours; which will not end, which seizes you erect, free and in full health, which draws you by the feet, which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout that you utter, drags you a little deeper, which appears to punish you for your resistance by a redoubling of its grasp, which sinks the man slowly into the earth, while it leaves him all the time to look at the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the smoke of the village in the plain, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. Each minute is an inexorable enshroudness.

The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed up; he howls, implores, cries to the clouds, wrings his hands, despairs. Behold him waist deep in the sand; the sand reaches his breast, he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frenziedly; the sand rises. The sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them;—night. Then the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand, a hand protrudes, comes through the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, disappears. Sinister effacement of man.

Gen. Rosecrans's Order for the Imprisonment of Rebel Officers.—*General Order No.* —.—The General commanding is pained to inform the commissioned officers of the Confederate army, taken prisoners by forces under his command, that, owing to the barbarous measures announced by President Davis, in his recent proclamation, denying parole to our officers, he will be obliged to treat them in like manner.

It is a matter of regret to him that this rigor appears to be necessary. He trusts that such remonstrance as may be made in the name of justice, humanity and civilization may reach the Confederate authorities as will induce them to pursue a different course, and thereby enable him to accord to their officers the privileges which he is always pleased to extend to brave men, even though fighting for a cause which he considers hostile to our nation and disastrous to human freedom.

By command of Gen. Rosecrans
C. Goddard, A. A. G.

A French Move in Texas.—The most important portion of the recently intercepted rebel correspondence relates to a movement on the part of the French Consuls at Galveston and Richmond, supposed to have originated in Paris, to induce Texas to secede from the Southern Confederacy and establish an independent Government. The result of this discovery was an order to Gen. Magruder to send the Consul at Galveston to Mexico as quick as possible, and the Richmond Consul to leave forthwith. The order with regard to the latter was, however, rescinded.

It further appears that the reception awarded by Earl Russell to Mr. Commissioner Mason, at London, is not such as comports with the latter's sense of propriety and with the expectations of the authorities at Richmond.

A New Orleans correspondent says:—"A most remarkable affair occurred recently in the former head-quarters of Major General Butler. Capt. J. C. McClure, of Gen. Banks's staff, who had occasion to enter the office, found a rose lying upon one of the desks, and taking it up to smell its fragrance, he no sooner applied the rose to his nose than he fainted. It is supposed the rose contained a poisonous powder, which caused the insensibility. The flower has been secured, and will be analyzed by a skilful chemist."

Pacific Railroad.—The Leavenworth (Kansas) Times of Sunday last, says that a large number of railroad laborers had just arrived in that city, and would commence the work of breaking ground on the Pacific railroad, thence west, on the day following. The work is to be pushed with the utmost vigor.

☞ In proportion as a man loves his wife he becomes celestial.—*Swedenborg.*

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying.

Yet, remember 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has rueing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes and Love he tarries,
Just as Fate or Fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly;
Bind its odor to the lily;
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last forever.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

☞ A Quaker Woman's Sermon.—"My dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs, and brickbats into fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone, they would die of themselves. And the third and last thing I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home the young women would come after them."

☞ The telegraph from the Pacific lately trembled out that the rebels were appearing in California, the Sierra Nevada being full of artillery. We correct this. The artillery was the *canons* of the mountains, and the only *horsesteal* demonstration that of a band of Indians running off with a pack of mules.

☞ Everybody has noticed the placards on the clothing "exposed" before the stores in Chatham street, such as "The Style," "Elegant," "Bon Ton." The other day, a juvenile Israelite in his haste thus made a mistake. On one leg of a pair of pants, was to be read, in bright red, "Latest from Paris," while on the other leg, was in jetty black, "Our Own Make."

☞ Some people are bound to be miserable; they won't be happy on any account. The following dialogue recently occurred:—*Farmer*—"What's the news?" *Expressman*—"Things are high in Boston; potatoes are up." *Farmer*—"Well, I haven't got any." *Expressman*—"Parsnips and squashes are up." *Farmer*—"Well, I haven't got any." *Expressman*—"Well, all sorts of produce is up." *Farmer*—"Well, that won't do any good." *Expressman*—(Eyeing the shiftless farmer, who was rather untidy). "Well, rags have riz too."

☞ Galilo, having been sent an exile to the Isle of Losbos, news was not long after brought to Rome that he there lived as merry as the day was long, and that what had been enjoined him for a penance turned to his greatest pleasure and satisfaction. Whereupon the Senate thought fit to recall him home to his wife and family, and confine him to his own house, to accommodate their punishment to his feeling and apprehension.—*Montaigne.*

☞ Hall on Predestination.—One of Robert Hall's parishioners called on him to point out to him some deficiencies in his preaching. Where he thought him most deficient was in not insisting on the doctrine of predestination as much as he should. Hall replied: "You believe the doctrine of predestination; so do I. I believe you were predestinated to be a fool, and you have made your calling and election sure!" We do not propose this as an example to be imitated. It borders too closely on the profane. But the man might have needed a sharp reproof.

☞ Artemas Ward says some of our patriots are for letting their "wayward sisters depart in peace." He is for letting them depart in pieces.

☞ From the fact that this is "the land of overworked brains," most men are *prematurely gray* beards.

☞ One thousand years ago the Chinese built suspension bridges of more than four hundred feet span.

☞ Kossuth is residing just now in the environs of Turin. He is in positive want of the necessaries of life. His wife is declining in a galloping consumption. He is said to be soured against men and fortune and life to a horrible degree. Could anything be more sad? How can Hungarians suffer it?

☞ The doctor's butcher the other day wrapping up a bit of suet in the fold of a fine piece of steak, the doctor called the act a witty one—a *double in tender*. It is to be hoped that meat did not choke him.

☞ Popkins says that any one receiving a *re-butter* from a ram, will feelingly understand why the ancients called him *Arise* ("Aries"); and that after being freely gored by a bull, any number of people can make out why the same high-old authority called him *Tore us* ("Taurus").

☞ Swearers.—A swearer is a passionate, or an inconsiderate, or a licentious man—or one whose education has been very much neglected; every one of these is odious to a well-bred man.

☞ Everything useful or necessary is cheapest. Walking is the most wholesome exercise; water the best drink; and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet. Even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired. And just now, it is the easiest thing in the world to go soldiering.

☞ Dutchmen cannot live without sour-crout. A New Brunswicker asked a German farmer if he had any for sale. "No," said he, "we only made two barrels dis year for sickness."

☞ "Was your son engaged before he went to the war?" asked Mrs. Rigg of a neighbor. "No, but he has had several engagements since," she replied.

☞ The places of amusement in this city continue thronged nightly to an extent we have never before seen, even in the most prosperous times.

## LATEST NEWS.

### A VICTORY IN ARKANSAS.

### FROM 7,000 TO 10,000 MEN CAPTURED.

Cairo, Jan. 16.—The ram Switzerland arrived here this evening from the squadron. She brings news of the taking of Arkansas Post on the Arkansas river, one hundred miles from the mouth, by the land and naval forces under McClernand and Porter. The surrender occurred on Sunday, with all the guns, stores, and ammunition.

The full particulars have not been received. The rebel loss is said to have been 550 killed and wounded, and 7,000 prisoners. Our loss is reported to be 200, mostly by shells from our own gunboats.

The fort mounted nine guns. An immense amount of munitions of war fell into our hands.

The rebels were cut off from retreat on both sides of the river. The garrison of 7,000 surrendered unconditionally.

Cairo, Jan. 17.—The ram Storm, which left Arkansas Post on Monday, arrived here to-day. She fully confirms the reported capture of that post.

The attack was made on Friday evening by the gunboats, the land forces debarking two miles below, and marching to the rear of the fortifications.

The rebels had earthworks two miles below the main fort, which we shelled and captured, not, however, before they did some damage to the gunboats.

Two Texan regiments, not aware that the place had surrendered, came in to reinforce them, and were also captured.

Our loss in the engagement was not so heavy as at first reported.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The following has been received at head-quarters:

Memphis, Jan. 14, 1863.—To Major-Gen. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief.—The following despatch is just received:

*Head quarters Army of the Mississippi, Post of Arkansas, Jan. 11, 1863.*—"To Major-Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding Department of the Tennessee—I have the honor to report that the forces under my command attacked the post of Arkansas to-day, at 1 o'clock, and having stormed the enemy's works, took a large number of prisoners, variously estimated at from 7,000 to 10,000, together with all his stores, animals, and munitions of war.

"Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, commanding the Mississippi squadron, effectively and brilliantly co-operated in accomplishing this complete success.

"John A. McClernand,
"Major-General Commanding.
"U. S. Grant, Major General."

#### The Army of the Potomac Moving.

According to letters from the Army of the Potomac, a movement of the troops had taken place, and the army had crossed the Rappahannock above and below Fredericksburg. This indicates immediate action. It is believed that the rebel army has been reduced in strength, for the purpose of holding the important railroad connections in Tennessee and North Carolina. The danger was that the whole army in front of Burnside would be spirited away piecemeal, to oppose our movements in those quarters. The forward movement of Burnside's army will check this purpose, and either relieve our other expeditions of the danger of being overwhelmed by superior numbers, or render Richmond liable to capture.

#### The Payment of the Troops.

The current error that the payments to the troops have been suspended requires correction. Nearly $9,000,000 have been paid within the last ten days, and the payments on Saturday exceed $1,000,000.

#### From North Carolina.

New York Jan. 18.—The Richmond papers of the 16th, contain a telegraphic despatch to the effect that all was quiet at Wilmington, N. C. It was believed that the Federal fleet and land forces were en route for Wilmington, and all non-combatants were requested to leave the city.

Another force of from 6,000 to 10,000 strong were said to be advancing towards Kinston.

A Federal blockade steamer is ashore off Wightsville, in the Sound, and her crew still on board. Another blockader was lying near, and the former stands a chance of becoming a total wreck.

#### Important from Newbern, N. C.

A letter has been received in this city, this morning, direct from Newbern, bringing the very latest intelligence from that point. The letter is dated last Saturday morning, Jan. 10—several days later than any previously received. The regular mails were to be interdicted for a short time, and everything indicated a heavy movement in some direction. The fleet of iron clads was laying in sight, and siege guns, medium artillery, shells and fixed ammunition were being put into vessels in large quantities. Our troops were generally in good health.—*Boston Traveller, Jan. 16.*

☞ Appropriate.—How graceful and fitting it is that the wife of the Secretary of the Interior should be the bountiful provider of a Christmas dinner for the soldiers at Washington!

☞ A gentleman having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "Oh, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, sir," said the man. "I presume not," said the gentleman; "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

☞ Rather Dirty.—A man in Wisconsin, while bathing in the river last week, discovered after an industrious "scrub" of his person for about five minutes, a pair of drawers which he had lost about two years before.

☞ Ladies, please be sweet, but don't be too formal. Be roses, but don't be primroses.

☞ May we never crave unreasonable things, nor lack those that are naturally good for us.

☞ "I don't remember having seen you before," as the lawyer said to his conscience.

☞ Never speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his vices behind his back.

☞ "Come, sheer off," as the ram said to the man who was cutting off his wool.

☞ An expensive novelty for a Christmas tree is the latest invention. It is a musical tree that waltzes round to its own soft melody. The machinery is concealed by the trunk, which is covered with moss; the candles are fitted into sockets prepared for them.

☞ An advertisement in a provincial paper begins thus:—"To let, forever, or longer if required."

## OUR WEDDING DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

The frozen earth lies hid away,
Beneath the winter's snow;
And so it was our wedding-day,
Just seven years ago.

We did not miss the summer flowers,
Nor mourn the winter's rime;
But blossomed in those hearts of ours,
The bliss of summer time.

Oh, Love! upon thy wings are borne
A blessing and a balm;
The golden glory of the morn,
The evening's peaceful calm!

I see through all the mist of years
(We will remember so)
The lips that kissed away my tears,
Just seven years ago!

The frozen earth lies hid away,
The winds of winter moan;
Oh, darling! 'tis our wedding-day,
And I am here alone!

Far on the tented field I know,
Beneath our banner free,
The heart that fears no human foe,
Is sorrowful for me!

And tears bedim the eyes of blue,
Where tears had never shone,
The strong arms valiant, brave and true,
Do long to clasp his own!

As stars in Memory's placid lake,
His children's faces shine;
And if he sleep or if he wake,
He will remember mine!

Well in his inmost heart he knows,
Whatever sorrow come,
From faithless friends, or cruel foes,
Love waits for him at home.

Now as the waning day grows dim,
One face alone I see;
Dear Lord! be merciful to him,
And bring him back to me!

Then will we when the winters fall
Upon our locks with snow;
With unregretful lips recall
The griefs of long ago.

How shall I greet the coming Spring,
Her voice of bird and bee,
Her bourgeoning and blossoming,
If mine return to me!

*January 6th*, 1863.

## UP THE ALABAMA.

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

It was a soft, bright, warm evening in March (which corresponds to the June of our colder clime) when I took my way down the broad streets of Mobile, bound up the Mobile and Alabama rivers to Montgomery, the beautiful capital of the state, and, for a time, of the Southern Confederacy.

As I approached the pier, the air was filled with the music of a steam organ on one of the boats, which was played by a German musical artist, engaged by the year, at a handsome salary. It is a strange music that fills the air with a vast body of harmony, carrying with it the impression of the power that gives it birth—in the range of long cylindrical boilers—of which the organ is the melodious collection of escape pipes and safety valves.

The Mobile river, which is but an extension of the deep bay, into which flow the Tombigbee and the Alabama, is broad and deep, and was now bank full. There were scarcely any visible shores. We steamed through a vast forest, which opened before us in picturesque reaches of the richest semi-tropical foliage, and the air was thick with the odor of the orange blossom and the jessamine. The two fine rivers which unite to form the Mobile, have, like it, preserved their Indian names, but how the tribe that found for two of them such musical designations as Mobile and Alabama ever came to name a river the Tombigbee, I shall leave to some Choctaw or Cherokee to find a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps I do the aboriginal savages injustice. The Americans are not slow at corrupting names when they can make them sound more familiar. Thus a point on the Mississippi, which the French named Le Bois Brule, is known to all the boatmen as "Bob Ruly's Woods."

The captain of our steamer was an Irishman, tall, handsome, eloquent, and thoroughly and enthusiastically Southern American in his views and feelings. For twenty years he had steamed up and down the Alabama, and he could not have been more devoted to his adopted country, or the section to which he belonged, had he been born upon the banks of the river.

As we sat forward of the pilot-house, on the promenade deck, enjoying the soft and perfume-laden evening breeze, he told me his story. When a boy of nineteen, he found himself, a raw immigrant, with five dollars in his pocket, on the banks of this river, looking for work; and the first, hardest, and roughest he could find was that of a deck-hand on a steamboat. He became one of a gang of white and black, who stood ready to hand and receive freight, take in wood, and feed the furnaces. This hard and rapid work came at all hours of day or night, and the fare was as hard as the work. I have seen the men, a group of negroes on one side of the boat, and of the white hands, mostly Irish or Germans, on the other, eating their bread and bacon, and drinking black coffee from an iron pan, seated on piles of wood or bales of cotton.

But the wages, to a poor Irish boy, were a strong inducement. They gave him eight pounds a month, and found, in a rough fashion, bacon for food, and for his bed a dry goods box or cotton bale. He went to work, and was so sober, active, and intelligent, that the mate had no excuse to knock him into the river with a billet of wood, as was the custom.

He had been a week on the boat, when, one dark night, a fire was seen, and a cry heard, on the bank of the river. The mate would not land, but sent Patrick ashore in the yawl. Standing by the signal fire at the river side, attended by two or three grinning negroes, was a planter, who handed him a package, and said,

"Here is thirty-four thousand dollars (?) Give it to the captain or clerk, and ask him to deposit it for me, in the Planter's Bank, as soon as you get in. Tell them not to forget it, as it is to pay a note that falls due day after to-morrow."

Patrick put the money into his bosom, and pushed off into the dark and lonely river. Doubtless he might have got ashore, and away; and doubtless he thought of it, as he felt the fortune in his bosom, but he pulled straight for the boat, as she lay, blowing off steam in mid-channel. And while he rowed he thought of what he must do.

"What was it all about?" asked the mate, as he sprang on the low deck.

"A message for the captain, sir," said Patrick.

"Then go into the cabin and give it to him, and be quick about it," said the not over-polite officer.

Patrick went up the companion way to the cabin, where he found the jolly captain, with a group of planters and merchants, busy at a game of poker, and more busy with the punch. He turned to the clerk, who was deeper in both punch and poker than the captain.

"Faith, an' this will never do," said Patrick. "If I give them the money to-night, they will lose at poker, and never remember it in the morning." So he went forward on deck again, and stowed the package of bank notes at the bottom of his clothes-bag in the forecastle, if so small a hole can be dignified by any such an appellation.

In the morning, when the officers were awake and sober, Patrick handed over his money and message.

"What is all this?" said the captain; "where did you get this money?"

"I went ashore in the yawl for it last night, sir."

"And why did you not bring it to the office at once?"

"I did, sir; but you and the clerk were both very busy."

The passengers, who had been engaged in the same line of business, had a hearty laugh.

"Young man," said the captain, "how long have you been on this boat?"

"A week, sir."

"And how much money have you got?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"Very well—go to your work."

In three weeks, Patrick was second mate; in a year, first mate; and, not long after, captain; and now, as we sat talking on the Alabama, he had a wife, children, a plantation, and two or three steamboats.

The Alabama flows through the richest cotton country in the world. It winds about as if it had taken a contract to water as much of the state as possible, and give a good steamboat landing to every plantation. Our general course, from Mobile to Montgomery, was north-east, but we were often steaming for hours south-west, and in every other direction. The distance, as the crow flies, is a hundred and sixty miles; by the river it is little less than four hundred. The banks of the river are low in some places; in others high and precipitous, and everywhere covered with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation. There were a thousand landscapes in which a painter would revel.

The passengers were a curious study for the traveller. Here was a swarthy planter, taking his newly-purchased gang of hands up to his newly-bought plantation. He had purchased a thousand acres of wild land for twenty-five thousand dollars—five thousand down. He had bought four or five families of negroes at New Orleans, twenty-five thousand more—half cash. And now he was ready to clear away the forest, and raise cotton; to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton, to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton; and so on, until tired of the monotonous accumulation.

There were Virginians, also, who had been spending the winter in New Orleans, and were now returning before the hot season should commence. They were attended by their body servants; and nicer, better behaved, more intelligent, gentlemanly and lady-like people of color it would be difficult to find anywhere. If there is such a thing as genius for service or servitude, it is developed in these "hereditary bondsmen," who care so little to "be free," that they will not "strike the blow."

We had politicians and preachers, and three Sisters of Charity from the hospitals of New Orleans, going home to recruit, a thousand miles, to their mother house in Maryland. All over the South these Sisters travel free. Where there is yellow fever they have friends, and no Southerner would touch their money.

At last we are at Montgomery. It is a beautiful little town, of ten thousand inhabitants, built upon more hills than Rome, with deeper valleys between them. It is a city of palaces and gardens; not crowded into a narrow space, but spread out broadly over the hills and valleys, with wide streets, handsome villas, elegant shops, and such gardens as only the South, with its glorious wealth of foliage and flowers, can give. A large and handsome domed state-house crowns one of the finest eminences.

Montgomery impresses the traveller with its beauty and riches. It is the centre of one of the finest cotton regions, in the finest cotton state—a state of sixty thousand square miles—and the plantations, which stretch away on every side, were in the highest state of cultivation. Every negro could make five or six bales of cotton, besides raising his own corn and bacon. A hundred negroes, therefore, besides their own support, made five or six hundred bales of cotton, worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, which represents the clear profit of a well-conducted plantation. The yearly export of the single town of Montgomery was 106,000 bales, amounting to 5,300,000 dollars a year. Well might it be prosperous and rich. There may have been poor people, but I saw none. In a thousand miles of that country one never sees a hand held out for charity. On every side is abounding wealth. The population of such a city is like nothing in Europe. The middle class is small—the lower class is wanting. There is more wealth, style, and fashion in a town like Montgomery, of ten thousand inhabitants, than in a European town of eighty or a hundred thousand.

When I arrived in Montgomery, the good citizens had a new sensation. Since the abolition of the slave trade, no negroes had ever been imported from Africa, until the owner of the yacht Wanderer took a fancy to buy a small cargo at Dahomey, and distribute them, as an experiment, among the planters of Alabama. They did not sell for much; as there was risk in the purchase, few cared to try them. There was one native African boy at Montgomery; a bright little fellow enough, a pet with his master, of whom he had become very fond, and the little savage was learning the language, manners and customs very rapidly. There was no need to punish him. It was only necessary to threaten to send him back to Dahomey. He would fall on his knees in great distress, and earnestly beg to be saved from so terrible a misfortune.

Montgomery, like most of the considerable towns in America, has its cemetery laid out like a park or pleasure ground, and is becoming filled with ambitious marble monuments. A portion of the ground is set apart for negroes, and they, too, have their gravestones, which record their humble virtues. I was struck by the original form of a marble monument which an honest German had raised to an adopted son, who had been drowned in the river. The epitaph was so peculiar that I copied it:

"Stop as you pass by my grave. Here I, John Schockler, rest my remains. I was born in New Orleans, the 22nd of Nov., 1841! was brought up by good friends; not taking their advice, was drowned in this city in the Alabama river, the 27th of May, 1855. Now I warn all young and old to beware of the dangers of this river. See how I am fixed in this watery grave; I have got but two friends to mourn."

What Montgomery now is, or may be in the future, I know not, but I shall always remember it as a bright, beautiful, elegant, and hospitable city, and worthy, from its refinement and hospitality, of a prosperous and noble destiny. N. M.

## I LOVED HER WHEN A BOY.

How many men are there whose cheeks have become wrinkled, and whose hair has turned gray with the cares and sorrows of many years, who will not heave a sigh as they sadly recall the fond anticipations of youth, and compare them with the dull realities of their experience through life? Let them read the following lines, and say if there is not something in them that stirs up the fond recollection of their youthful and happy days long, long ago.

I met her; she was thin and old;
She stooped and trod with tottering feet;
The hair was gray that once was gold;
The voice was harsh that once was sweet;
Her hands were dwindled, and her eyes,
Robbed of the girlish light of joy,
Were dim! I felt a sad surprise
That I had loved her when a boy.

But yet a something in her air
Restored to me the vanished time;
My heart grew young and seemed to wear
The brightness of my youthful prime.
I took her withered hand in mine—
Its touch recalled a ghost of joy—
I kissed it with a reverent sigh,
For I had loved her when a boy.

NOVEL METHOD OF COOKING.—That necessity is the mother of invention is clearly proved by a writer in our Western army. He tells of an Illinois cavalry regiment, where every man is provided with two little pockets in his jacket, one of which is for salt and the other for pepper. Each man also carries with him a small sack of two or three pounds of flour. When they camp for the night, the nearest cornfield supplies them with thousands of small bake-ovens in the shape of corn husks. Each man procures an ear of corn with the husk still on it; the husk is slightly parted at the top to allow the fingers to be inserted; the ear is twisted around several times until it breaks loose at the bottom, and is then drawn out, leaving the husk a clean and complete cup. In this the flour is mixed and seasoned, and after closing the top again, it is buried in the hot ashes of the camp fire for half-an hour, after which it is drawn out and the charred husk pulled off, disclosing a fresh, hot roll.

TO PREVENT WATER PIPES FROM BURSTING.—There exists so simple a mode of preventing water pipes in houses bursting by frost that we suspect that the plumbers must be aware of it and keep it carefully out of sight. It is to have a small spherical cistern of thin copper attached to the lower part of the water pipe and a gas burner fixed below it. If when the frost is on the gas be lighted, the effect will be that the cistern will become a boiler on a small scale, circulating sufficient warmth through the pipes to prevent the action of the frost either in stopping the supply or in bursting the pipes.—*Exchange.*

☞ Lamartine, says a Paris letter, has just received 400,000 francs as the part proceeds of a lottery, which will pay all his debts, and enable him to end his days in comfort. The city of Paris gave him a beautiful purse.

☞ Some one has beautifully said: "The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter, and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity."

## LOVE AND PISTOLS.

The winter after I took possession of my estate, I went to Bath with my mother, who introduced me to Julia Faulkner, a lovely girl, with an independent fortune of thirty thousand pounds. She was extremely amiable and well informed, and I paid her as much attention as my constitutional timidity would allow me. It was evident that a more intimate connection between us was desired by our respective parents, and I little doubt but in the course of time I should have mustered courage to propose to her, and I doubt as little that I should have been accepted. A confoundedly tall Irish Colonel, however, with black whiskers, and a most ferocious aspect, appeared on the scene, and became, as well as myself, the constant attendant of Julia. But what chance had I with a fellow of his appearance, profession, and impudence? His loquacity obliged me to sit in their presence as silent as a statue; or, if I ventured to make a remark, he was sure to interrupt me before I could utter a sentence. If I secured her scarf to insure myself the pleasure of covering her ivory shoulders, he would take it from me with the utmost coolness, and praise my attention to the ladies.

I had once seated her in my *cabriolet* for a drive, and was about to follow her, when the Colonel rode up on horseback, and, leaping from his saddle, entreated me, if I loved him, to try what I could do to tame his animal, which, he said, was so vicious that no horsemanship but mine would have any effect upon him. Without waiting for a reply, he seized the reins, leaped into the carriage, and drove off, begging me, when I had done with the horse, to let my servant take him to the stable. Thither indeed he went, as soon as I had recovered from the effects of this astounding piece of assurance.

One evening, as we were leaving Julia's house, the Colonel addressed me in a very quiet, and, indeed, in almost a friendly tone—

"Faith, now, my dear fellow," said he, "this won't do at all. As only one of us can marry this girl, we must not both of us go on loving her at this rate; so we'll meet to-morrow morning on Lansdown, and decide which it shall be. Just name your friend, and I'll desire my Cousin Bob, who always attends me on these occasions, to call and arrange the affair."

All the warmth of my affection for Julia thawed at these words. I could live for her, but I could not die for her; so I protested that had I known his pretensions to the lady, I should never have made advances, and should thenceforward think no more of her. This, he said, was so prodigiously handsome that he should be happy to become more particularly acquainted with me, and we parted with an engagement that I should dine with him the next day, having, he said, six elegant sisters, whom he was desirous of introducing me to. I went, and was most graciously received by the whole family, particularly by Miss O'Shane, the eldest daughter, a short, thick girl, with flaxen hair, (now, like Lord Byron, "I hate a dumpy woman," and flaxen hair is my abomination,) white cheeks, and no eyebrows. Next this lady I was seated at dinner; in the evening we went to the rooms, and with this lady it was my fate to dance. The next morning the Colonel called on me, and took me with him to inquire after the ladies. They were about to go on a shopping expedition, and Miss O'Shane was handed over to my protection. In short, by the extremely clever conduct of Mrs. O'Shane, Col. O'Shane, and Miss O'Shane, the fashionable circles of the fashionable city of Bath speedily resounded with the intended marriage of this accomplished young lady and Mr. Tyrrel Tremlington.

Things had gone on in this way for a few weeks, when, one morning, meeting the Colonel in the Crescent, he took me by the arm, and turning into the gravel walk, "Faith, Tremlington," said he, "really, now, I don't think you use me well in this affair with my sister. Here's all the world acquainted with your attachment to Martha, (I always detested the name of Martha) except her own brother and your particular friend. Now, if this concealment arose from any doubt of my consent, my dear fellow, put that out of your head, for I do not know the man with whom I would sooner trust the girl's happiness than yourself. Upon my soul, now, I'm in earnest, and she is, I must say, the best creature in the world—just suited to you—full of soul and sentiment (a woman of soul and sentiment was always my abhorrence). Just now, to be sure, a shade of melancholy hangs about her, in consequence of Sir Thomas Liston's conduct. Perhaps you have not heard of it. Faith, he was a great scoundrel. It was at Brighton last summer. He had been paying her attentions at all times and everywhere—as kind and affectionate as your own, my dear fellow—and everybody said the day was fixed, as they do now respecting you, you know. He had made, too, considerable advances in her affections; not so far as you have, however, that I must acknowledge. Well, I spoke to him one morning, just as I am now speaking to you, and he had the impudence to tell me that he had nothing to do with the talk of the town, and that he had no intention of encumbering himself with a wife. You may guess the rest, my good fellow; we met the next morning on the Downs, and I settled his business completely. I never made a cleaner shot in my life. The surgeon told me afterward that it went through the centre of the *pericardium*. It struck first just here," said the Colonel, tapping the fourth button of the left lappel of my coat; and the blow, gentle as it was, would have prostrated me had it not been for the supporting arm of the Colonel. "But come, I see you are agitated," continued he, "and the sooner we get over the declaration—the *premier pas*, you know—the sooner your happiness will begin."

I stopped a moment—I thought that I also could tell him that I was not prepared to encumber myself with a wife; for a moment I considered whether it would not be better to be shot at once than to be married to Miss O'Shane; but the thought of the pistol-bullet through the centre of the *pericardium* came across my mind with all its dreadful circumstantiality, and I suffered myself to be led to the Colonel's house, where we found the young lady solitary and melancholy. Here the Colonel soon settled the business; he assured his sister of my unaltered attachment, entreated her by a sister's love to have compassion on the feelings of his friend; and when the girl hid her face in one hand, and held out the other, he placed the latter in mine with a most tremendous squeeze, and declared it to be the happiest day of his life. He then led me aside, and entreated me not to hurry the wedding-day too quickly; he hoped I could wait three weeks. Well, if I could not, if my ardor was so great, he must insist, for his sister's sake, that it should not take place for a fortnight. He then turned to his sister, and begged her, as she valued my happiness, she would not delay beyond the period he had named. What could Miss O'Shane reply to this affectionate adjuration? She turned up her eyes most pathetically, and vowed she valued my happiness too highly to permit her to refuse me anything.

Thus I went home an engaged man, and announced my fate, with tears and trembling, to my mother. The good old lady scolded, for she could scold, and I had not outgrown the terrors of her voice. But arguments and anger were both thrown away upon me—the dreadful bullet through the *pericardium* rendered me deaf to the one and careless of the other.

My wedding morning arrived with a speed fearfully accelerated by my sensations of dread at its approach. Oh, that wretched morning! To complete its catalogue of miseries, it had been fixed on for the union of the Colonel with my Julia. A large company was assembled at breakfast, but of the occurrences or conversation, either then or during the ceremony, I have no recollection; a sensation of utter despair overwhelmed me, and I have an indistinct remembrance of a vague desire to escape, when the great door of the abbey-church was closed with a violence that sent its echoes along the vaulted aisles, and seemed to thunder in my ears the sentence of misery to which I was doomed.

## HER THOUGHT AND HIS.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

To-night she will dance at the palace,
With the diamonds in her hair:
And the Prince will praise her beauty—
The loveliest lady there!

But tones, at times, in the music,
Will bring back forgotten things:
And her heart will fail her sometimes,
When her beauty is praised at the Kings.

There sits in his silent chamber
A stern and sorrowful man:
But a strange sweet dream comes to him,
While the lamp is burning wan,

Of a sunset among the vineyards
In a lone and lovely land,
And a maiden standing near him,
With fresh wild-flowers in her hand.

## THE WEDDING GARMENT.

It has been denied by scholars well versed in Eastern customs, that it was ever a general practice for wealthy hosts to furnish garments to invited guests. But a recent traveller in the East, in a volume called Tales About Turkey, asserts, from his own knowledge, that this has been done in modern times, and that it was a prevaling custom in former days. He says:—

I know that at the royal marriage of Sultan Mahmoud, a few years ago, every guest invited to the wedding had made expressly for him, at the expense of the Sultan, a wedding garment. No one, however dignified his station, was permitted to enter into the presence-chamber of that sovereign without a change of raiment. This was formerly the universal custom in the East. But inasmuch as these garments were very costly, and some of the guests invited might plead poverty, and thus appear unclad in the guest-chamber of the King, the cost was defrayed at Sultan Mahmoud's expense.

To each guest was presented a suit of wedding garments. Had any, therefore, appeared before this absolute sovereign without the wedding garment, the Sultan would have deemed his dignity insulted, and his magnificent gifts despised.

The question, then, "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment?" (Matt. xxii: 12,) explains the speechless condition of the man. The wedding robe was ready, not at the expense of the invited one, but at the cost of the King. He had simply to obey the requirements of Eastern state—put on the garment, appear before his King, and do homage to him for his rich habit. His refusal to comply with this reasonable custom, and presuming, notwithstanding, to thrust himself into the presence of loyalty, was an avowal that he denied his authority to rule over him, and despised his power. Hence he was bound hand and foot, and cast out. Mahmoud took care to clothe all his guests in splendid apparel; and they knew their refusal to obey this ancient custom of covering themselves with the royal bounty would have entailed on the disobedient instant punishment, imprisonment and death.

IMMORTALITY.—At the age of seventy-five one must, of course, think frequently of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness. I am fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to our eyes to set in night, but is in reality gone to diffuse its lights elsewhere. Even while sinking it remains the same sun.—*Goethe.*

☞ Some people who go to Washington get *back green* as they went, others reverse the rule without experiencing any reverse themselves, and get *green backs.*

## THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

The Empress of France is probably the most extravagant woman living. Nor is this all; she has been the cause of ruinous extravagance in the families of her husband's subjects, and in all countries where the costly fashions she has set have found favor. M. Fould, the Emperor's Minister of Finance, threatens to resign his office unless her enormous drafts upon the treasury are curtailed. So costly has she made the toilette in Paris, that fashionable ladies are utterly unable to settle their bills for dress, and it is stated by the English press that it is as much as many of them can do to pay the interest on the large debts which following the imperial modes has caused them to incur. The world owes crinoline to the fair Eugenie; and the rougher half of its civilized population does not feel by any manner of means grateful to her for the introduction of the article. She has made her apartments in the Tuileries as magnificent as the palaces one reads about in oriental fables. The doors of her boudoir are of ivory, inlaid with gold. The furniture is of rosewood, inlaid with mirrors, gold, ivory, and is upholstered with pale red silk. Smyrnian carpeting of the heaviest texture covers the floor, and the ceiling is splendidly frescoed. The desks and portfolios are of tortoise shell, arabesqued with gold; and the most valuable paintings of the old masters ornament the walls. The beautiful woman who has surrounded herself with these luxuries spends an almost fabulous amount annually in rare laces and all the most expensive articles of female costume, besides subscribing unheard-of sums in aid of certain vast political schemes, for she is withal an intriguing politician. The Empress is thirty-six years of age, and therefore old enough to have learned prudence; yet she is more prodigal now than in the heyday of her youth and beauty. The Queen of Louis XVI. was as extravagant, and as fond of meddling in state affairs, as Eugenie, and her fool of a husband suffered her to lead him by the nose. One day they lost their heads, poor things. Would it not be well for Louis Napoleon to take the warning to heart?

## A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

From some sketches of Valley Forge, we take the following account of the army of the revolution in its winter quarters. That was a war of seven years, and the condition of the people was a hundred fold worse than our condition is—in fact, the North is even more prosperous at present than usual. But read what our revolutionary fathers went through—and then remember we are their sons:—

"Having decided on his winter-quarters being here, Washington arrived with the army at Valley Forge on the 19th of December, 1777. The voice of prayer and praise was heard throughout the camp the next day, in accordance with the appointment of Congress for a day of thanksgiving and praise. It was a glorious triumph of patriotism over suffering and want of principle, over neglect of virtue, over starvation, to exhibit such a spectacle on the border of a winter forest, whose snows were stained with their blood-tracked march.

"Next day they began to build their huts, the marks of which are still visible in one or two places. Those most visible are by the side of the road towards the river, half-way from Valley Forge to Port Kennedy. Each regiment was divided into parties of twelve, and each party was to build a log-hut 14 feet by 16, and 6½ feet high, the sides made tight with clay, and the roof to be formed of split slabs or anything that would serve as a substitute. General Washington offered a dollar to each man of the party which completed the first and best hut, and one hundred dollars to the man who would substitute a better and more available roofing than slabs.

"Out of 11,000 men who arrived here, 3,000 were unfit for duty. Groups of 50 and 100 were to be seen here and there in their nakedness, huddling around fires to keep from freezing. Others were sick from exposure, and sadly presaging their fate.

"Rapidly the trees were felled. To bring the logs to their places men harnessed themselves to them like beasts of burden. Hut after hut rose till there were over a thousand, all in sight of Washington's tent. These huts were ranged in parallel rows, with spaces between, like the streets of a town. Those of the same state were together. The huts of the officers were in the rear of the soldiers, one to each of the superior officers. The intrenchments were outside of the whole. In these huts was placed a bed of straw on the ground, and these '*Sons of Liberty*,' as Col. Barre called them in the English Parliament, crept in to suffer, and starve, and die. The farmers around were many of them *Tories*, whom large offers to pay, and threats, were alike powerless to move. Washington, acting under a resolution from Congress, ordered them to thresh out one-half their grain for seventy miles around, by the first of February, and the other half by the first of March, under penalty of its being seized as straw. But they refused; and while some fought with desperation, others burned their grain. About this time the whole army passed a week without a pound of meat in the camp. They had but one commissary to purchase provisions in the camp, and he reported 'not a hoof to slaughter, and not more than twenty-five barrels of flour.' In communicating this fact to Congress, Washington said, 'From my soul I pity those miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent.'

"Mrs. Washington joined her husband in February, and not only shared his privations, but did all in her power to mitigate the sufferings of the soldiers."

☞ Those who hold that a people should accommodate themselves to the policy of their rulers, might as well teach that a man should be cut and clipped by his tailor to fit his garments.

## TO LIZZIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GENEVA.

Ah, Lizzie, you and I
Have surely reached our prime,
The spring-time of our lives
Has changed to summer time.

That we are growing old
I scarcely can believe;
But since it must be so,
We need not o'er it grieve.

It seems but yesterday,
Lizzie, since we began,
With hearts so light and gay,
The race of life to run;

And my heart beats as strong
As e'er it did to-day,
And life seems just as sweet,
And earth as fair and gay.

Although there have been times,
Lizzie, for you and me,
When sorrow has oppressed
Our hearts most heavily;

When to our eyes a pall
Was spread o'er all the earth,
And all the promises
Of life seemed nothing worth.

But such dark hours, thank God,
Do surely wear away,
Though slowly, and to night
Succeeds triumphant day.

And, Lizzie, for the boon
Of life we'll thankful be,
In spite of all the pain
It brings to you and me;

For life has yielded us
Much more of joy than pain,
And e'en our sufferings
Have not been all in vain.

For from our direst woes
Our best joys have had birth,
As richest plants spring forth
From dampest, darkest earth.

Lizzie, how very soon
This changing scene will close,
How soon we shall have felt
Our last of earthly woes.

But though this life is short,
Death opens wide the gate
To an eternal life,
For which we look and wait.

Then, Lizzie, we will smile
To see pale Death draw nigh,
And look for endless life
Above earth's changing sky.

# VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER LIX.

### ACHING HEARTS.

If there be one day in the whole year more gladdening to the heart than all others, it is surely the first day of early spring. It may come and give us a glimpse almost in mid-winter; it may not come until winter ought to have been long past: but, appear when it will, it brings rejoicing with it. How many a heart, sinking under its bitter burthen of care, is reawakened to hope by that first spring day of brightness. It seems to promise that there shall be yet a change in the dreary lot; it whispers that trouble may not last; that sickness may be superseded by health; that this dark wintry world will be followed by heaven.

Such a day was smiling over Deerham.—And they were only in the first days of February. The sun was warm, the fields were green, the sky was blue: all nature seemed to have put on her brightness. As Mrs. Duff stood at her door and exchanged greetings with sundry gossips passing by—an unusual number of whom were abroad—she gave it as her opinion that the charming weather had been vouchsafed as a special favor to Miss Decima Verner; for it was the wedding-day of that young lady and Sir Edmund Hautley.

Sir Edmund would fain have been married immediately after his return. Perhaps Decima would also. But Lady Verner, always given to study the proprieties of life, considered that it would be more seemly to allow a few months to roll on first after the death of her son's wife. So the autumn and part of the winter were allowed to go by; and in this, the first week of February, they were united; being favored with weather that might have cheated them into a belief that it was May-day.

How anxious Deerham was to get a sight of her, as the carriages conveying the party to church drove to and fro. Lionel gave her away, and her bridesmaids were Lady Mary Elmsley and Lucy Tempest. The story of the long engagement between her and Edmund Hautley had electrified Deerham; and some began to wish that they had not called her an old maid quite so prematurely. Should it unfortunately have reached her ears, it might tend to place them in the black books of the future Lady Hautley. Lady Verner was rather against Jan's going to church. Lady Verner's private opinion was—indeed; it may be said her proclaimed opinion as well as her private one—that Jan would be no ornament to a wedding party. But Decima had already got Jan's promise to be present; which Jan had given conditionally—that no patients required him at the time. But Jan's patients proved themselves considerate that day; and Jan appeared not only at the church, but at the breakfast.

At the dinner also in the evening. Sir Edmund and Lady Hautley had left them; but those who remained of course wanted some dinner: and had it. It was a small party, more social than formal. Mr. and Mrs. Bitterworth, Lord Garle and his sister, Miss Hautley, and John Massingbird. Miss Hautley was again staying temporarily at Deerham Hall, but she would leave it on the following day. John Massingbird was invited at the special request of Lionel. Perhaps John was less of an ornament to a social party than even Jan, but Lionel had been anxious that no slight should be placed upon him. It would have been a slight for the owner of Verner's Pride to be left out at Decima Verner's wedding. Lady Verner held out a little while; she did not like John Massingbird; never had like any of the Massingbirds; but Lionel carried his point. John Massingbird showed himself presentable that day, and had left his pipe at home.

In one point Mr. Massingbird proved himself as little given to ceremony as Jan could be. The dinner hour, he had been told, was seven o'clock; and he arrived shortly after six. Lucy Tempest and Mary Elmsley were in the drawing-room. Fair, graceful girls both of them, in their floating white bridesmaids' robes, which they would wear for the day: Lucy always serene and quiet; Mary, merry-hearted, gay-natured. Mary was to stay with them for some days. They looked somewhat scared at the early entrance of John Massingbird. Curious tales had gone about Deerham of John's wild habits at Verner's Pride, and, it may be, they felt half afraid of him. Lucy whispered to the servant to find Mr. Verner and tell him. Lady Verner had gone to her room to make ready for dinner.

"I say, young ladies, is it six or seven o'clock that we are to dine?" he began. "I could not remember."

"Seven," replied Lucy.

"I am too soon by an hour, then," returned he, sitting down in front of the fire. "How are you by this time, Lionel?"

Lionel shook hands with him as he came in.

"Never mind; we are glad to see you," he said, in answer to a half apology from John Massingbird about the arriving early. "I can show you those calculations now, if you like."

"Calculations be hanged!" returned John. "When a fellow comes out to dinner, he does not want to be met with 'calculations.' What else, Lionel?"

Lionel Verner laughed. They were certain calculations drawn out by himself, connected with unavoidable work to be commenced on the Verner Pride estate. For the last month he had been vainly seeking an opportunity of going over them with John Massingbird; that gentleman, who hated details as much as Master Cheese hated work, continually contrived to put it off.

"Have you given yourself the pleasure of making them out in duplicate, that you propose to show them here?" asked he, some irony in his tone. "I thought they were in the study at Verner's Pride."

"I brought them home a day or two ago," replied Lionel. "Some alteration was required, and I thought I would do it quietly here."

"You are a rare—I suppose if I say 'steward' I shall offend your pride, Lionel. 'Bailiff' would be worse. If real stewards were as faithful and indefatigable as you, landlords might get on better than they do. You can't think how he plagues me with his business details, Miss Tempest."

"I can," said Lady Mary, freely. "I think he is terribly conscientious."

"All the more so, that he is not going to be a steward long," answered Lionel, in a tone through which ran a serious meaning, light as it was. "The time is approaching when I shall render up an account of my stewardship, so far as Verner's Pride is concerned."

"What do you mean by that?" cried John Massingbird.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," answered Lionel,

"I'd like to know now, if it's all the same to you, sir?" was John's answer. "You are not going to give up the management of Verner's Pride."

"Yes, I am," replied Lionel. "I should have given it up when my wife died, but that Decima—Decima wished me to remain in Deerham until her marriage," he concluded, after some perceptible hesitation.

"What has Deerham done to you, that you want to quit it?" asked John Massingbird.

"I would have left Deerham years ago, had it been practicable," was the remark of Lionel.

"I ask you why?"

"Why? Do you think Deerham and its reminiscences can be so pleasant to me, that I should care to stop in it, unless compelled?"

"Bother reminiscences!" rejoined Mr. Massingbird. "I conclude you make believe to allude to the ups and downs you have had in regard to Verner's Pride. *That's* not the cause, Lionel Verner—if you do want to go away. You have had time to get over that. Perhaps some lady is in the way? Some cross-grained disappointment in that line? Have you been refusing to marry him, Lady Mary?"

Lady Mary threw her laughing blue eyes full in the face of the questioner.

"He never asked me, Mr. Massingbird."

"No!" said John.

"No," said she, the lips laughing now, as well as the eyes. "In the old days—I declare I don't mind letting out the secret—in the old days, before he was married at all, mamma and Lady Verner contrived to let me know by direct hints, that Lionel Verner might be expected to—to—solicit the honor of my becoming his wife. How I laughed behind their backs! It would have been time enough to turn rebellious when the offer came—which I was quite sure never would come—to make them and him a low curtsey, and say, 'You are very kind, but I must decline the honor.' Did you get any teasings on your side, Lionel?" asked she, frankly.

A half-smile flitted over Lionel's lips. He did not speak.

"No," added Lady Mary, her joking tone turning to seriousness, her blue eyes to earnestness, "I and Lionel have ever been good friends, fond of each other, I believe, in a sober kind of way: but—any closer relationship we should both have run away from as wide as the two poles. I can answer for myself: and I think I can for him."

"I see," said John Massingbird. "To be husband and wife would go against the grain; you'd rather be brother and sister."

What there could be in the remark to disturb the perfect equanimity of Mary Elmsley, she best knew. Certain it was, that her face turned of a fiery red, and it seemed that she did not know where to look. She spoke rapid words, as if to cover her confusion.

"So you perceive, Mr. Massingbird, that *I* have nothing to do with Mr. Verner's plans and projects; with his stopping at Deerham or going away from it. I should not think any lady has. You are not going, are you?" she asked, turning to Lionel.

"Yes, I shall go, Mary," he answered. "As soon as Mr. Massingbird can find somebody to replace me—"

"Mr. Massingbird's not going to find anybody to replace you," burst forth John. "I declare, Lionel, if you do go, I'll take on Roy, just to spite you and your old tenants. By the way, though, talking of Roy, who do you think has come back to Deerham?" he broke off, rather [illegible] vehemently.

"How can I guess!" asked Lionel. "Some of the Mormons, perhaps!"

"No. Luke Roy. He arrived this afternoon."

"Has he, indeed!" replied Lionel, a shade of sadness in his tone more than surprise, for somehow the name of Luke, coupled with his return, brought back all too vividly the recollection of his departure, and the tragic end of Rachel Frost, which had followed so close upon it.

"I have not seen him," rejoined Mr. Massingbird. "I met Mrs. Roy as I came in here, and she told me. She was scuttering along with some muffins in her hand—to regale him on, I suppose."

"How glad she must be!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Rather sorry, I thought," returned John. "She looked very quaky and shivery. I tell you what, Lionel," he continued, turning to him, "your dinner will not be ready this three-quarters of an hour yet. I'll just go as far as old Roy's, and have a word with Luke. I have got a top-coat in the hall."

He went out without ceremony. Lionel walked with him to the door. It was a fine starlight evening. When he, Lionel, returned, Lucy was alone. Mary Elmsley had left the room.

Lucy had quitted the chair of state she had been sitting in, and was in her favorite place on a low stool on the hearthrug. She was more kneeling than sitting. The fire-light played on her sweet face, so young and girlish still in its outlines, on her pretty hands clasped on her knees, on her bracelets which glittered with pearls, on the pearls that rested on her neck. Lionel stood on the other side the hearthrug, leaning, as usual, on the mantlepiece.

At least five minutes passed in silence. And then Lucy raised her eyes to his.

"Was it a joke, what you said to John Massingbird—about leaving Deerham?"

"It was sober earnest, Lucy. I shall go as soon as I possibly can, now."

"But why?" she presently asked.

"I should have left, as you heard me say, after Mrs. Verner's death, but for one or two considerations. Decima very much wished me to remain until her marriage; and—I did not see my way particularly clear to embark in a new course of life. I do not yet."

"Why should you go?" asked Lucy.

"Because I—because it is expedient that I should, for many reasons," he answered.

"You do not like to remain subservient to John Massingbird?"

"It is not that. I have got over that. My prospects have been so utterly blighted, Lucy, that I think some of the old pride of the Verner race has gone out of me. I do not see a chance of getting anything to do, half as good as this stewardship—as he but now called it—under John Massingbird. But I shall try at it."

"What shall you try, do you think?"

"I cannot tell. I should like to get something abroad; I should like to go to India. I do not suppose I have any real chance of getting an appointment there; but stopping in Deerham will certainly not bring it to me. That, or anything else."

Lucy's lips had parted.

"You will not think of going to India now!" she breathlessly exclaimed.

"Indeed I do think of it, Lucy."

"So far off as that!"

The words were uttered with a strange sound of pain. Lionel passed his hand over his brow, the action betokening pain quite as great as Lucy's tone. Lucy rose from her seat and stood near him, her thoughtful face upturned.

"What is left for me in England?" he resumed. "What am I here? A man without home, fortune, hope. I have worse than no prospects. The ceremony at which we have been assisting this day, seems to have brought the bare facts more palpably before me in all their naked truth. Other men can have a home, can form social ties to bless it. I cannot."

"But why?" asked Lucy, her lips trembling.

"*Why?* Can you ask it, Lucy? There are moments—and they are all too frequent—when a fond vision comes over me of what my future might be; of the new ties I might form, and find the happiness in that—that I did not find in the last. The vision, I say, comes all too frequently for my peace of mind, when I realize the fact that it can never be fulfilled."

Lucy stood, her hands lightly clasped before her, a world of sadness in her fair young face. One less entirely single-hearted, less *true* than Lucy Tempest, might have professed to ignore the drift of his words. Had Lucy, since Mrs. Verner's death, cast a thought to the possibility of certain happy relations arising between her and Lionel—those social ties he now spoke of? No, not intentionally. If any such dreams did lurk in her heart unbidden, there she had let them lie, in entire abeyance. Lionel Verner had never spoken a word to her, or dropped a hint that he contemplated such; his intercourse with her had been free and open, just as it was with Decima. She was quite content to be with him, to see him daily, was enough of happiness for her, without looking to the future.

"The further I get away from England, the better," he resumed. "India, from old associations, naturally suggests itself, but I care not whither I go. You threw out a suggestion once, Lucy, that Colonel Tempest might be able to help me to something there, by which I may get a living. Should I have found no success in London by the time he arrives, it is my intention to ask him the favor. He will be home in a few weeks, now."

"And you talk of leaving Deerham immediately!" cried Lucy. "Where's the necessity? You should wait until he comes."

"I have waited too long, as it is. Deerham will be glad to get rid of me. It may hold a jubilee the day it hears I have shipped myself off for India. I wonder if I shall ever come back? Probably not. I and old friends may never meet again on this side of Heaven."

He had been affecting to speak lightly, jokingly, toying at the same time with some trifle on the mantle-piece. But has he turned his eyes on Lucy at the conclusion of his sentence, he saw that the tears were falling on her cheeks. The words, the ideas they conjured up, had jarred painfully on every fibre of her heart. Lionel's light mood was gone.

"Lucy," he whispered, bending to her, his tone changing to one of passionate earnestness. "I dare not stay here longer. There are moments when I am tempted to forget my position, to forget honor, and speak words that—that—I ought not to speak. Even now, as I look down upon you, my heart is throbbing, my veins are tingling; but I must not touch you with my finger, or tell you of my impassioned love. All I can do is to carry it away with me, and battle with it alone."

Her face had grown white with emotion. She raised her wet eyes yearningly to his; but she still spoke the simple truth, unvarnished, the great agony that was lying at her heart.

"How shall I live on, with you away? It will be be more lonely than I can bear."

"Don't, child!" he said, in a wailing tone of entreaty. "The temptation from my own heart is all too potent. Don't *you* tempt me. Strong man though I am, there are things that I cannot bear."

He leaned on the mantle-piece, shading his face with his hand. Lucy stood in silence, striving to suppress her emotion from breaking forth.

"In the old days—very long ago, they seem now, to look back upon—I had the opportunity of assuring my life's happiness," he continued, in a low, steady tone. "I did not do it; I let it slip from me, foolishly, wilfully; of my own free act. But, Lucy—believe me or not as you like—I loved the one I rejected, more than the one I took. Before the sound of my marriage bells had yet rung out on my ears, the terrible conviction was within me that I loved that other better than all created things. You may judge, then, what my punishment has been."

She raised her eyes to his face, but he did not see them, did not look at her. He continued:

"It was the one great mistake of my life: made by myself alone. I cannot plead the excuse which so many are able to plead for life's mistakes, that I was drawn into it. I made it deliberately, as may be said; of my own free will. It is but just, therefore, that I should expiate it. How I have suffered in the expiation, heaven alone knows. It is true that I bound myself in a moment of delirium, of passion, giving myself no time for thought; but I have never looked upon that fact as an excuse; for, a man who has come to the years I had, should hold his feelings under his own control. Yes: I missed that opportunity, and the chance went by for life."

"For life?" repeated Lucy, with streaming eyes. It was too terribly real a moment for any attempt at concealment. A little reticence, in her maiden modesty; but of concealment, none.

"I am a poor man now, Lucy!" he exclaimed: "worse than without prospects if you knew all. And I do not know why you should not know all," he added, after a pause: "I am in debt. Such a man cannot marry."

The words were spoken quietly, temperately; their tone proving how hopeless could be any appeal against them, whether from him, from her, or from without. It was perfectly true: Lionel Verner's position placed him beyond the reach of social ties.

Little more was said. It was a topic which Lucy could not urge or gainsay; and Lionel did not see fit to continue it; he may have felt that it was dangerous ground, even for the man of honor that he strove to be. He held out his hand to Lucy.

"Will you forgive me?" he softly whispered.

Her sobs choked her. She strove to speak as she crept closer to him, and put out her hands in answer; but the words would not come: she lifted her face to glance at his.

"Not a night passes but I pray God to forgive me," he whispered, his voice trembling with emotion, as he pressed her hands between his, "to forgive the sorrow I have brought upon you. Oh, Lucy! forgive—forgive me!"

"Yes, yes," was all her answer, her sobs impeding her utterance, her tears blinding her. Lionel kept the hands strained to him; he looked down on the upturned face, and read its love there; he kept his own bent, with its mingled expression of tenderness and pain; but he did not take from it a single caress. What right had he? Verily, if he had not shown control over himself once in his life, he was showing it now.

He released one of his hands, and laid it gently upon her head for a minute, his lips moving silently. Then he let her go: it was over.

She sat down on the low stool again on the opposite side of the hearth, and buried her face and her anguish. Lionel buried *his* face, his elbow on the mantel-piece, his hand uplifted; he never looked at her again, nor spoke; she never raised her head; and when the company began to arrive, and came in, the silence was still unbroken.

And as they talked and laughed that night, fulfilling the usages of society amidst the guests, how little did any one present suspect the scene which had taken place but a short while before. How many of the smiling faces we meet in society cover aching hearts.

## CHAPTER LX.

### MASTER CHEESE BLOWN UP.

There were other houses in Deerham, that night, not quite so full of sociability as was Lady Verner's. For one, may be instanced that of the Miss Wests. They sat at the table in the general sitting-room, hard at work, the lamp between them. Miss Deborah was "turning" a table-cloth; Miss Amilly was darning sundry holes in a pillow-case. Their stock of household linen was in great need of being replaced by new; but, not having the requisite money to spare, they were doing their best to renovate the old.

A slight—they could not help feeling it as such—had been put upon them that day, in not having been invited to Decima Verner's wedding. The sisters-in-law of Lionel Verner, connected closely with Jan, they had expected the invitation. But it had not come. Lionel had pressed his mother to give it; Jan, in his straightforward way, when he had found it was not forthcoming, said, "Why don't you invite them? They'd do nobody any harm." Lady Verner, however, had positively declined: the Wests had never been acquaintances of hers, she said. They felt the slight, poor ladies. But they felt it quite humbly and meekly; not complaining; not venturing even to say to each other that they *might* have been asked. They only sat a little more silent than usual over their work that evening, doing more, and talking less.

The servant came in with the supper-tray, and laid it on the table.

"Is the cold pork to come in?" asked she. "I have not brought it. I thought, perhaps, you'd not care to have it in to-night, ma'am, as Mr. Jan's out."

Miss Deborah cast her eyes on the tray. There was a handsome piece of cheese, and a large glass of fresh celery. A rapid calculation passed through her mind that the cold pork, if not cut for supper, would make a dinner the following day, with an apple or a jam pudding.

"No, Martha, this will do for to-night," she answered. "Call Master Cheese, and then draw the ale."

"It's a wonder *he* waits to be called," was Martha's comment, as she went out. "He is generally in afore the tray, whatever the meals may be, he is."

She went out at the side door, and entered the surgery. Nobody was in it except the surgery boy. The boy was asleep, with his head and arms on the counter, and the gas flared away over him. A hissing and fizzing from Jan's room, like the sounds Lucy Tempest heard when she invaded the surgery the night of the ball at Deerham Hall, saluted Martha's ears. She went round the counter, tried the door, found it fastened, and shook the handle.

"Who's there?" called out Master Cheese from the other side.

"It's me," said Martha. "Supper's ready."

"Very well. I'll be in directly," responded Master Cheese.

"I say!" called out Martha, wrathfully, rattling the handle again, "if you are making a mess of that room, like you do sometimes, I won't have it. I'll complain to Mr. Jan. There! Messing the floor and places with your powder and stuff! It would take two servants to clear up after you."

"You go to Bath," was the satisfactory recommendation of Master Cheese.

Martha called out another wrathful warning and withdrew. Master Cheese came forth, locked the door, took out the key, went in-doors and sat down to supper.

Sat down in angry consternation. He threw his eager glances to every point of the table, and could not see upon it what he was longing to see—what he had been expecting all the evening to see—for the terrible event of its not being there had never so much as crossed his imagination. The dinner had consisted of a loin of pork with the crackling on, and apple sauce. A dish so beloved by Master Cheese, that he never thought of it without a watering of the mouth. It had been nothing like half eaten at dinner, neither the pork nor the sauce. Jan was at the wedding-breakfast, and the Miss Wests, in Master Cheese's estimation, ate like two sparrows: of course he had looked to be regaled with it at supper. Miss West cut him a large piece of cheese, and Miss Amilly handed him the glass of celery.

Now Master Cheese had no great liking for that vulgar edible which bore his name, and which used to form the staple of so many good old fashioned suppers. To cheese in the abstract, he could certainly have borne no forcible objection, since he was wont to steal into the larder, between breakfast and dinner, and help himself—as Martha would grumblingly complain—to "pounds" of it. The state of the case was just this: the young gentleman liked cheese well enough when he could get nothing better. Cheese, however, as a substitute for cold loin of pork with "crackling" and apple-sauce, was hardly to be borne, and Master Cheese sat in dumbfounded dismay, heaving great sighs and casting his eyes upon his plate.

"I feel quite faint," cried he.

"What makes you feel faint?" asked Miss Deb.

"Well, I suppose it is for want of my supper," he returned. "Is—is there no meat to-night, Miss Deb?"

"Not any," she answered, decisively. She had the pleasure of knowing Master Cheese well.

Master Cheese paused.

"There was nearly the whole joint left at dinner," said he, in a tone of remonstrance.

"There was a good deal of it left, and that's the reason it's not coming in," replied Miss Deb. "It will be sufficient for to-morrow's dinner with a pudding. I'm sure it will not hurt you to sup upon cheese for one night."

With all his propensity for *bonne chere*, Master Cheese was really of a modest nature, and would not go the length of demanding luxuries, if denied them by Miss Deb. He was fain to content himself with the cheese and celery, eating so much of it that it may be a question whether the withholding of the cold pork had been a gain in the way of economy.

Laying down his knife at length, he put back his chair to return to the surgery. Generally he was not in so much haste; he liked to wait until the things were removed, even to the cloth, lest by a speedy departure he might miss some nice little dainty or other, coming in at the tail of the repast. It is true such impromptu arrivals were not common at Miss Wests' table, but Master Cheese liked to be on the sure side.

"You are in a hurry," remarked Miss Amilly, surprised at the unwonted withdrawal.

"Jan's out," returned Master Cheese. "Folks may be coming in to the surgery."

"I wonder if Mr. Jan will be late to-night?" cried Miss Deb.

"Of course he will," confidently replied Master Cheese. "Who ever heard of a wedding-party breaking up before morning?"

For this reason, probably, Master Cheese returned to the surgery, prepared to "make a night of it." Not altogether in the general acceptation of that term, but at his chemical experiments. It was most rare that he could make sure of Jan's absence for any length of time. When out in pursuance of his professional duties, Jan might be returning at any period; in five minutes or in five hours. There was no knowing; and Master Cheese dared not get his chemical apparatus about, in the uncertainty, Jan having so positively forbidden his recreations in the science. For this night, however, he thought he was safe. Master Cheese's ideas of a wedding festival consisted of unlimited feasting. *He* could not have left such a board, if bidden to one, until morning light, and he judged others by himself.

Jan's bedroom was strewed with vessels of various sorts and sizes from one end of it to the other. In the old days, Dr. West had been a considerable dabbler in experimental chemistry himself. Jan also understood something of it. Master Cheese did not see why he should not. A roaring fire burnt in Jan's grate, and the young gentleman stood before it for a few minutes previous to resuming his researches, giving his back a roast and indulging bitter reminiscences touching his deficient supper.

"She's getting downright mean, is that old Deb!" grumbled he. "Especially if Jan happens to be out. Wasn't it different in West's time! He knew what was good, he did. Catch her daring to put bread and cheese on the table for supper then. I shall be quite exhausted before the night's over. Bob!"

Bob, his head still on the counter, partially woke up at the call. Sufficiently so to return a half sound by way of response.

"Bob?" roared Master Cheese again. "Can't you hear?"

Bob, his eyes blinking and winking, came in, in answer. That is, as far as he could get in, for the litter lying about.

"Bring in the jar of tamarinds."

"The jar of tamarinds!" repeated Bob. "In here?"

"Yes, in here," said Master Cheese. "Now, you needn't stare. All you have got to do is to obey orders."

Bob disappeared, and presently returned, lugging in a big porcelain jar. He was ordered to "take out the bung, and leave it open." He did so, setting it in a convenient place on the floor, near Master Cheese, and giving his opinion gratuitously of the condition of the room.

"Won't there be a row when Mr. Jan comes in and finds it like this!"

"The things will be put away long before he comes," responded Master Cheese. "Mind your own business. And, look here! if any body comes bothering, Mr. Jan's out, and Mr. Cheese is out, and they can't be seen till the morning. Unless it's some desperate case," added Master Cheese, somewhat qualifying the instructions. "A fellow dying, or anything like that."

Bob withdrew, to fall asleep in the surgery as before, his head and arms on the counter: and Master Cheese recommenced his studies. Solacing himself first of all with a few mouthfuls of tamarinds, as he intended to do throughout his labors, he plunged his hands into a mass of incongruous substances—nitre, chlorate of potassa, and sulphur being among them.

The Miss Wests, meanwhile, had got to their work after supper, and sewed until the clock struck ten. Then they put it away, and drew round the fire for a chat, their feet on the fender. A very short while, and they were surprised at the entrance of Jan.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Amilly. "It's never you yet, Mr. Jan!"

"Why shouldn't it be?" returned Jan, drawing forward a chair, and sitting down by them. "Did you fancy I was going to sleep there?"

"Master Cheese thought you would keep it up until morning."

"Oh! did he? Is he gone to bed?"

"He is in the surgery," replied Miss Amilly. "Mr. Jan, you have told us nothing yet about the wedding in the morning."

"It went off," answered Jan.

"But the details? How did the ladies look?"

"They looked as usual, for all I saw," replied Jan.

"What did they wear?"

"Wear? Gowns, I suppose."

"Oh, Mr. Jan! Surely you saw better than that! Can't you tell what sort of gowns?"

Jan really could not. It may be questioned whether he could have told a petticoat from a gown. Miss Amilly was waiting with breathless interest, her lips apart.

"Some were in white, and some were in colors, I think," hazarded Jan, trying to be correct in his good nature. "Decima was in a veil."

"*Of course* she was," acquiesced Miss Amilly, with emphasis. "Did the bridesmaids—"

What pertinent question, relating to the bridesmaids, Miss Amilly was about to put, never was known. A fearful sound interrupted it. A sound nearly impossible to describe. Was it a crash of thunder? Had an engine from the distant railway taken up its station outside their house, and gone off with a bang? Or had the surgery blown up? The room they were in shook, the windows rattled, the Miss Wests screamed with real terror, and Jan started from his seat.

"It can't be an explosion of gas!" he muttered.

Bursting out of the room, he nearly knocked down Martha, who was bursting into it. Instinct, or perhaps sound, took Jan to the surgery, and they all followed in his wake. Bob, the image of terrified consternation, stood in the midst of a *debris* of glass, his mouth open, and his hair standing on end. The glass bottles and jars of the establishment had flown from their shelves, causing the unhappy Bob to believe that the world had come to an end.

But what was the *debris* there, compared to the *debris* in the next room, Jan's? The window was out, the furniture was split, the various chemical apparatus had been shivered into a hundred pieces, the tamarind jar was in two, and Master Cheese was extended on the floor on his back, his hands scorched, his eyebrows singed off, his face black, and the end of his nose burning.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said Jan, when his eyes took in the state of things. "I knew it would come to it."

"He have been and blowed hisself up," replied Bob, who had stolen in after them.

"Is it the gas?" sobbed Miss Amilly, hardly able to speak for terror.

"No, it's not the gas," returned Jan, examining the *debris* more closely. "It's one of that gentleman's chemical experiments."

Deborah West was bending over the prostrate form in alarm. "He surely can't be dead!" she shivered, taking Master Cheese by the arm to assist him.

He was placed in a chair, and there he sat, coming to, and emitting sundry dismal groans.

"I told you what you'd bring it to, if you persisted it attempting experiments that you know nothing about," was Jan's reprimand, delivered in a sharp tone. "A pretty state of things, this is."

Master Cheese groaned again.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Miss Deb, in a sympathising accent.

"Oh-o-o o-o-o-h!" replied Master Cheese.

"Is there anything we can get for you?" resumed Miss Deb.

"Oh-o-o-o-o-h!" repeated Master Cheese. "A glass of wine might revive me."

"Get up," said Jan, "and let's see if you can walk. He's not hurt, Miss Deb."

Master Cheese, yielding to the peremptory movement of Jan's arm, had no resource but to show them that he could walk. He had taken a step or two as dolefully as it was possible for him to do, keeping his eyes shut, and stretching out his hands before him after the manner of the blind, when an interruption came from Miss Amilly.

"What can this be, lying here?"

She was bending her head near the old bureau, which had been rent in the explosion, her eyes fixed upon some large letter or paper on the floor. They crowded round at the words. Jan picked it up, and found it to be a folded parchment, bearing a great seal.

"Halloa!" exclaimed Jan.

On the outside was written "Codicil to the will of Stephen Verner."

"What is it?" exclaimed Miss Deborah, and even Master Cheese contrived to get his eyes open to look.

"It is the lost codicil," replied Jan. "It must have been in that bureau. How did it get there?"

How indeed? There ensued a pause.

"It must have been placed there"—Jan was beginning, and then he stopped himself. He would not, before those ladies, say—"by Dr. West."

But to Jan it was now perfectly clear. That old hunting for the "prescription" which had puzzled him at the time, was explained now. *There* was the "prescription"—the codicil. Dr. West had had it in his hand when disturbed in that room by a stranger; he had flung it back in the bureau in his hurry, pushed it back; by some unexplainable means he must have pushed it too far out of sight. And there it had lain until now, intact and undiscovered.

The hearts of the Miss Wests were turning to sickness, their countenances to pallor. That it could be no other than their father who had stolen the codicil from Stephen Verner's dying chamber, was present to their conviction. His motive could only have been to prevent Verner's Pride passing to Lionel, over his daughter and her husband. What did he think of his work when the news came of Frederick's death? What did he think of it when John Massingbird returned in person. What did he think of it when he read Sibylla's dying message, written to him by Amilly—"Tell papa it is the leaving Verner's Pride that has killed me?"

"I shall take possession of this," said Jan Verner.

The first thing on the following morning the codicil was handed over to Mr. Matiss. He immediately recognized it by its appearance. But it would be opened officially later, in the presence of John Massingbird. Jan betook himself to Verner's Pride to carry the news, and found Mr. Massingbird astride on a pillar of the terrace steps, smoking away with gusto. The day was warm and sunshiny as the previous one had been.

"What, is it you!" cried he, when Jan came in sight. "You are up here betimes. Anybody dying, this way?"

"Not this morning," replied Jan. "I say, Massingbird, there's ill news in the wind for you."

"What's that?" composedly asked John, tilting some ashes out of his pipe.

"That codicil has come to light."

John puffed on vigorously, staring at Jan, but never speaking.

"The thief must have been old West," went on Jan. "Only think! it has been hidden all this while in that bureau of his, in my bed-room."

"What has unhidden it?" demanded Mr. Massingbird, in a half-satirical tone, as if he doubted the truth of the information.

"An explosion did that. Cheese got meddling with dangerous substances, and there was a blow-up. The bureau was thrown down and broken, and the codicil was dislodged. To talk of it, it sounds like an old stage trick."

"Did Cheese blow himself up?" asked John Massingbird.

"Yes. But he came down again. He is in bed with burnt hands and a scorched face. If I had told him once to let that dangerous play alone—dangerous in his hands—I had told him ten times."

"Where's the codicil?" inquired Mr. Massingbird, smoking away.

"In Matiss's charge. You'd like to be present, I suppose, at the time of its being opened?"

"I can take your word," returned John Massingbird. "This does not surprise me. I have always had an impression that the codicil would turn up."

"It is more than I have had," dissented Jan.

As if by common consent, they spoke no further on the subject of the abstraction and its guilty instrument. It was a pleasant theme to neither. John Massingbird, little refinement of feeling as he possessed, could not forget that Dr. West was his mother's brother; or Jan, that he was his late master, his present partner—that he was connected with him in the eyes of Deerham. Before they had spoken much longer, they were joined by Lionel.

"I shall give you no trouble, old fellow," was John Massingbird's salutation. "You gave me none."

"Thank you," answered Lionel. Though what precise trouble it lay in John Massingbird's power to give him, he did not see, considering that things were now so plain.

"You'll accord me house-room for a bit longer, though, won't you?"

"I will accord it to you as long as you like," replied Lionel, in the warmth of his heart.

"You know I would have had you stop on here all along," remarked Mr. Massingbird; "but the bar to it was Sibylla. I am not sorry the thing's found. I am growing tired of my life here. It has come into my mind at times lately to think whether I should not give up to you, Lionel, and be off over the seas again. It's tame work, this, to one who has roughed it at the diggings."

"You'd not have done it," observed Jan, alluding to the giving up.

"Perhaps not," said John Massingbird; "but I have owed a debt to Lionel for a long while. I say, old chap, didn't you think I clapped on a good sum for your trouble when I offered you the management of Verner's Pride?"

"I did," answered Lionel.

"Ay! I was in your debt; am in it still. Careless as I am, I thought of it now and then."

"I do not understand you," said Lionel. "In what way are you in my debt?"

"Let it go for now," returned John. "I may tell you some time perhaps. When shall you take up your abode here?"

Lionel smiled.

"I will not invade you without warning. You and I will take counsel together, John, and discuss plans and expediencies."

"I suppose you'll be for setting about your improvements now?"

"Yes," answered Lionel, his tone changing to one of deep seriousness, not to say reverence. "Without loss of time."

"I told you they could wait until you came into the estate. It has not been long first, you see."

"No; but I never looked for it," said Lionel.

"Ah! Things turn up that we don't look for," concluded John Massingbird, smoking on as serenely as though he had come into an estate, instead of having lost one. "There'll be bonfires all over the place to-night, Lionel. A left-handed compliment to me. Here comes Luke Roy. I told him to be here this morning. What nuts this will be for old Roy to crack! He has been fit to stick me ever since I refused him the management of Verner's Pride." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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☞ **Public Spirit.**—It is recorded of Sir Timothy O'Brien, a deceased member of Parliament, that he commenced as a hotel-keeper, but by energy and public spirit worked his way up to the Lord Mayorship of Dublin and Parliament. In this country we speak plainer, and say by watering his liquor, instead of public spirit.

## A QUAKER VISION.

Joseph Hoag was born in the year 1762, and resident in early life in the state of New York, but removed to Vermont, where he died in 1846. His parents being members of the religious Society of Friends, he had a birth-right membership. He and his wife (Huldah) were both ministers and highly esteemed. They had a large family, and all of their children became ministers. The following vision, though not printed and made public until within a few years, was well known to his family and a number of his friends many years before any part of it was fulfilled:—

### THE VISION.

In the year 1803, in the eighth or ninth month, I was one day alone in the field, and observed that the sun shone clear, but a mist eclipsed its brightness.

As I reflected upon the singularity of the event, my mind was struck into a silence the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed; for all my faculties were low, and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself:—"What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings."

And I heard a voice from Heaven saying: "This which thou seest is a sign of the present coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression; I placed them here among the People of the Forest; I sustained them, and while they were humble I blessed them and fed them, and they became a numerous people. But they have now become proud, and have forgotten Me, who nourished them and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty, and have taken quietude from the land and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them—lift up thine eyes and behold." And I saw them dividing in great heat. The division began in the Churches on points of doctrine; it commenced in the Presbyterian society, and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress and close its effects were the same. Those who dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to their original sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when the dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends, it raged in as high a degree as in any I had noticed or before discovered; and, as before, those who separated went off with lofty looks and taunting, censuring language. Those who kept their ancient principles retired by themselves. It next appeared in the Lodges of the Free Masons; it broke out in appearance like a volcano, inasmuch as it set the country in an uproar for a time.

Then it entered politics throughout the United States, and did not stop until it produced a civil war. An abundance of blood was shed in the course of the contest; the Southern states lost their power, and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchical power sprang up, took the government of the states, established a National religion, and made all societies tributary to support its expenses; I saw them take property from Friends. I was amazed at beholding all this; and I heard a voice proclaiming:—"This power shall not always stand; but with it I will chastise My Church, until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Thou seest what is coming upon thy native country, for their iniquities and the blood of Africa; the remembrance of which has come up before me."

This vision is yet for many days. I had no idea of writing it for many years—until it became such a burden that, for my own relief, I have written it.

## SWEDENBORGIAN VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

From a recent work on Marriage, by the Rev. W. B. Hayden, of the "New Jerusalem" Church, we learn, that in the author's opinion, there is no celibacy in Heaven, those who people it consisting mainly of married pairs, and none remaining there single after the age of full maturity. Indeed the union of male and female is necessary to the angelic nature, *all the angels being married pairs.* "No single individual in the whole heavenly world is an angel by himself or herself. It is only as two become one that angels are produced." Hence, husband and wife in heaven, become one angel. This is rather hard upon old maids and bachelors, yet they are not unprovided for; "those who have confirmed themselves in a celibate state from a principle of religion being admitted into Heaven, but dwell there *only about the circumferences.*"

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**England the Fashion—in France.**—The Paris correspondent of the "Queen" states the following remarkable caprice of French fashion:—The most remarkable feature presented by Parisian shops at this moment is the immense increase and varied description of *English goods* exhibited in their windows. Alpacas of every shade and hue—gray, buff, and even white, which is just now much in vogue. English *piques*, a new material, somewhat lighter than alpacas, and more shiny, ostentatiously placarded 'Lincoln,' together with low-priced embroidered *English muslins*, encumber every shop window. While *English hats* and *English boots*, stitched in red and white, and more remarkable for clumsiness than for actual solidity, attest that, from head to foot, to be properly got up, you must adopt *English articles of apparel.*"

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☞ A "**Demoralized**" Soldier.—The New York Tribune tells a story of a stout, athletic Zouave, who, running away from the battle at Fredericksburg, was checked by a lieutenant with a drawn sword. Said the latter, "Stop, sir! Go back to your regiment, you infernal coward, you are not wounded." "For Heaven's sake let me pass," implored the fugitive, "I know I'm not wounded, but I'm fearfully demoralized."

☞ Without the *deer* ladies we should be but a *stag-nation.*

## Extraordinary Medical Remedies.

Dr. Telephe Desmartis, of Bordeaux, has for some months past been making use of a most extraordinary medical remedy for the cure of certain diseases, which cannot fail to excite astonishment among those who hear of it for the first time. Some account of it has been published at Bordeaux in a pamphlet entitled *Systeme d' Inoculations curatives*, from which we take a few particulars. That one disease may be cured or prevented by inoculation with the virus of another, is, as thousands of persons know, not a new idea; but there is novelty in the suggestion that painful maladies may be cured by causing insects to sting the part affected. This is the practice which Dr. Desmartis has been applying, and which he desires to extend, and as his experiments on venomous inoculation have been carried on for fifteen years, he does not speak without experience. They have been tried on plants as well as animals, and with similar results. He observed that plants inoculated with the virus of syphilis produced small cryptogamia on different parts of their surface, and that a second inoculation, not with another animal poison, cleared the plants of these parasitic growths, and of the insects or animalculæ which they had attracted. It has long been a medical tradition that leprosy is curable by the poison of certain serpents, and it is well known that poisonous drugs are administered in medicine, as powerful alteratives in certain diseases. Dr. Humboldt, nephew of the late illustrious German, in his practice at Havana, has ascertained that the poison of the scorpion tribe is a remedy for yellow fever. He inoculated 2,478 men of the military and naval garrison: 676 afterwards caught the fever, of whom not more than 16 died. A distinguished Frenchman, M. de Gasparin, having heard of the facts cited by Dr. Desmartis, communicated to him a fact in his own experience. He had long been afflicted with a rheumatism, which kept him almost constantly infirm. One day, in picking up a handful of weeds in his garden, he was stung by a wasp in the wrist. The arm swelled; but the rheumatic pain disappeared. Seeing this result, he caused himself to be stung the next day along the seat of pain in his leg, and was again delivered from suffering, and was able to walk with ease. This happened three years ago, and every subsequent reappearance of the malady has been cured by similar means; and by a wasp sting on his neck an attack of bronchitis was overcome. Among other instances mentioned by Dr. Desmartis, we notice a hopeless case of cholera in a man, and epileptiform disease in a child, both cured by the sting of a scorpion; and it appears that lachrymal fistula, and some other diseases of the eye, are curable by the sting of a wasp or bee.

These are curious facts. Their value will perhaps appear on further discussion. Dead insects and live leeches have long figured in pharmacy; but it will be something new to have to buy living hymenoptera, hemiptera, or aptera, in which orders stinging insects are found, to use as medical remedies. Yet after all, there may be nothing new in it; for, as M. de Gasparin remarks, are we not told that Mucianus, an important commander under Vespasian, used to carry about with him, enveloped in a white cloth, a certain insect to cure him of the eye disease, to which he was subject?

A report has been made public by the medical practitioners of Halifax, Nova Scotia, of a remedy for the small-pox, which we mention here with a view to elicit information as to its accuracy. The remedy is described as a plant of the poppy tribe, known in the colony as Indian cup, and to botanists as *Saracenia purpurea*, which grows wild in Nova Scotia. A decoction of this plant will cure small-pox within twelve hours; in the words of the report, "however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease. If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the liquid, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee, and given to connoisseurs in these beverages to drink, without their being aware of the mixture. It has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued."—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

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**A Sell.**—A demure and rather pert young Miss received on New Year's day among her visitors, a grave and rather elderly acquaintance to whom she conveyed the intelligence that owing to a death in the family, they had not made the usual preparations for their friends.

"Who is dead?" inquired the gentleman in a sympathetic tone of voice.

"Poor Laura!" was the reply.

"Laura? Laura? I don't remember exactly. Who is Laura?"

"Why, don't you remember my pretty little poodle? How could you forget her?"

The perplexed look of the gentleman satisfied the Little Mischief that the joke was successful, and throwing open the folding doors, she invited him to walk in and help himself, which he did, and while sipping his sherry, reflected on the difference between the present and the girls of the time when he was young.

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☞ "Poor Hans!" wrote a German to a friend who had been inquiring after his son, "he bit himself mit a rattlesnake, and was sick into his ped for six weeks in the month of August, and all his cry vas, 'vater! vater!' And he couldn't eat nothing at all till he complained of peing a little petter so he could shtand up on his elbow and eat a cup o' tea."

☞ A gentleman who was determined to outdo the horticulturist who raised chickens from egg plants, has succeeded in producing a colt from a horse chestnut and a calf from a cow-ard.

## Interesting Letter from President Lincoln to General McClellan.

In the McDowell Court of Inquiry on the 16th, Major-General Hitchcock testified at length relative to the forces which were left for the protection of Washington when McClellan's army started for the Peninsula.

In the course of his testimony, the following letter from the President of the United States was laid before the court:

WASHINGTON, April 9th, 1862.

*To Major-General McClellan:*

MY DEAR SIR: Your dispatches, complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, pain me very much. Blencker's division was withdrawn from you before you left here, and you knew the pressure under which I did it, and, as I thought, acquiesced in it—certainly not without reluctance.

After you left I ascertained that less than 20,000 unorganized men, without a single field battery, were all you designed to be left for the defence of Washington and Manassas Junction, and a part of these even was to go to Gen. Hooker's old position. Gen. Banks' corps, once designed for Manassas Junction, was divided and tied up on the line of Winchester and *Strasburg*, and could not leave it without again exposing the Upper Potomac and the Baltimore and Ohio road. This presented, or would present, when Generals McDowell or Sumner should be gone, a great temptation to the enemy to turn back from the Rappahannock and sack Washington. My explicit directions that Washington should, by the judgment of all the commanders of the corps, be left entirely secure, had been entirely neglected. It was precisely this that drove me to detain McDowell. I do not forget that I was satisfied with your arrangement to leave Banks at Manassas Junction, but when that arrangement was broken up, and nothing was substituted for it, of course I was not satisfied. I was constrained to substitute something for it myself.

And now allow me to ask, do you really think I should permit the line from Richmond via Manassas Junction to this city to be entirely open except what resistance could be prevented by less than 20,000 unorganized troops? This is a question which the country will not allow me to evade.

There is a curious mystery about the number of troops now with you. I telegraphed you on the 6th, saying that you had over 100,000 men with you. I had just obtained from the Secretary of War a statement taken, as he said, from your own returns, making 108,000 then with you and en route to you. You now say you will have but 85,000 men when all en route to you shall have reached you. How can this discrepancy of 35,000 be accounted for?

As to Gen. Wool's command, I understand it is doing for you precisely what a like number of your own would have to do if that command was away. I suppose the whole force which has gone forward to you is with you by this time, and, if so, I think it is the precise time for you to strike a blow. By delay the enemy will readily gain on you—that is, he will gain faster by fortifications and reinforcements than you can by reinforcements alone; and once more, let me tell you it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow. I am powerless to help this; you will do me the justice to remember I always opposed going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, as only shifting and not surmounting a difficulty; that we would find the same enemy and the same or equal entrenchments at either place. The country will not fail to note—is noting now that the present hesitation to move upon an entrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated.

I beg to assure you that I have never written or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as in my most anxious judgment I consistently can. But you must act. Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.

## SUGAR FROM SORGHUM.

Captain Hirsch, a gentleman connected for fifteen years with sugar manufacture, who had the charge of the construction of a manufactory for the Emperor of Russia, and who performed some successful experiments upon the cultivation and use of the Chinese cane, even in Europe, is at present in Cairo, Ill., making arrangements for the erection of a large establishment in Illinois, intended expressly for the production of sugar, syrup molasses and Jamaica rum from the Sorghum. He has the best of testimonials. His experience in making beet and other sugar is worth a great deal to him and those engaged with him, and gives a practical turn to anything he may be interested in. He claims to have fully solved the value of Chinese cane as a standard staple in the North. He has arrived at certain facts by actual experiment, involving first and last the expenditure of much time and money. The results attained with two or three experiments, are given by the captain as follows:—

It is ascertained that the Chinese cane contains about 40 to 45 per cent. of juice, and 55 to 60 per cent. of water and foreign matter.

The first trial he made shows, first: From one hundred pounds of cane juice can be produced—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sugar, ready for the market, | 10 | per cent. |
| Molasses, | 30 | " |
| Water, and other foreign matters, | 60 | " |
| | 100 | |

The second:—From one hundred pounds cane juice can be made—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sugar, | 12 | per cent. |
| Molasses, | 50 | " |
| Water, &c., | 38 | " |
| | 100 | |

The importance of this result is now beginning to be felt in the North. Sugar will soon become very high, and, in fact, is so now, but must be higher. Then where are the poorer people to obtain it? In the cultivation of sorghum. It is already, in its crude state, extensively used in various Northern states. How much more serviceable and palateable must it be when properly made into refined sugar and syrup, products devoid of that rough and acrid taste now seemingly the only objection to the article in use.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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**The Movements in North Carolina.**—The rebels appear to be deeply concerned about the military movements in North Carolina. According to their report, the Union army, under Gen. Foster, numbers from 50,000 to 70,000 men; but where reinforcements so large have come from they do not appear to know. An attack on Wilmington is believed by them to be imminent, and also one upon Raleigh, the capital of the state. The rebel forces in North Carolina have been increased in numbers, and Gen Kirby Smith, who was with Bragg at Murfreesboro', in the recent rebel defeat there, has arrived at Richmond, on his way, it is supposed, to North Carolina, to assist in repelling Foster. The possession of Raleigh would enable our forces to cut the communication between Richmond and the states south more completely than was done at Goldsboro'. That appears to have been a temporary injury only to the rebels; an annoying one, but which, according to their own account, they have already removed.

☞ Children—Happy blanks till life's lottery is drawn.

**PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.**

THE

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

**MRS. HENRY WOOD,**

Author of "The Earl's Heirs," "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c.

**MARION HARLAND,**

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

AND

**VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,**

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

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**The People of England All Right.**—The Boston Traveller says:—A gentleman of this state, of high standing, just returned from England, states that in a conversation with a substantial man of business of that country, for the past twenty years a member of the British Parliament, the opinion was expressed that, notwithstanding the bitter hatred to the United States felt by (some of?) the aristocracy and a portion of the mercantile classes, helped along by the outrageously false statements of the London press, the *people* of that country, by an immense majority, steadily sustained the position of the North, and would make themselves heard, should the government, in any way, attempt to intervene in favor of the South.

**Winter in Russia.**—The present winter is terribly severe in Russia. A letter from St Petersburg says: "In the memory of man there has not been such a winter as this at St. Petersburg—twenty degrees of cold; the river and the sea locked in ice for a long time past, and not a flake of snow! Owing to the glassy frost, horses and pedestrians cannot keep a footing upon either the road or the pavements. The air is extremely dry; we breathe it with difficulty. Nervous people are particularly affected by it; accordingly, no one stirs out except upon business; and of carriages and promenaders there are literally none, even at the Nevska perspective, between two and four in the afternoon, where there is ordinarily a great crowd."

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☞ **Prenticeana.**—We go now for what we strenuously opposed in 1844—the "re-annexation of Texas."

When the Federal armies move in *concert*, we shall expect soon a rebel *overture.*

The officer who exhibits his shoulder straps at hotels when his place is in the field, deserves another pair—well laid on.

It is said that the Blackfeet Indians show symptoms of becoming troublesome. We should like to send a regiment or brigade of our blacklegs against them.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ Old Dr Beecher once prayed: "Oh, Lord, we pray Thee that we may not despise our rulers; and, oh, Lord, we further pray that they may not behave so that we cannot help it!"

☞ The heathenish ferocity of Jefferson Davis's Proclamation is at last accounted for. The Southern Confederacy is suffering under a lamentable lack of the Holy Scriptures. They have sent the Rev Dr. Moses a Hodge of Richmond to Europe for the sole purpose of buying Thirty-five Thousand Bibles for the use of the Confederacy; or, if not so many, as many as Four Thousand Dollars (confederate money?) will pay for.

☞ **Prudent Reserve.**—Old Mrs. Doublechin, who has married off all her six daughters, says a young lady should often maintain a prudent reserve and silence in the presence of her lover: he will be certain to fancy her a great deal wiser than she can show herself by her talk.

## NEWS ITEMS.

NEW DEPARTMENT.—A military Department of the East has been created, to consist of the New England states and the state of New York. Head quarters, New York city. Gen. Wool is in command.

THIRTY SEVEN persons, ladies and gentlemen, while skating on a pond near Harpersville, Conn., lately, broke through the ice, and twenty-seven of them were drowned. (Doubtful.)

BY the report of the Commissioners under the act for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, it appears that one thousand persons have applied, and three thousand slaves have been freed at a cost of $900 000.

PRODUCTIVE STRATEGY.—A feat of arms is thus reported in the Paris Constitutionnel:—"A detachment of fourteen French marines in Senegal, under the command of a sergeant named Burg, who were entrenched in the post of Kaolakh, kept in check for fourteen hours, and finally repulsed, a body of five thousand natives, under the orders of two desperate chiefs, named Maba and Macadou. When the enemy retired before such an heroic resistance, there were found lying round the post the bodies of two hundred and fifty men and seventy horses. The remainder of the army had fled in disorder across the Saloum."

AN ICE PALACE.—A magnificent skating lake is about to be opened at Montreal. When lighted up and crowded with skaters it will be one of the most beautiful sights in the city. Edward Hassel, a Berlin architect, who constructed many of the far famed ice palaces of St. Petersburg, proposes constructing an ice palace on the river opposite the city. The building will be forty feet high, one hundred and forty feet long, and fifty-six feet deep, and will be surrounded by a colonnade, and topped with a dome, all, with the exception of the windows and doors, to be built of ice.

STARR KING'S NEW CHURCH.—The new church of Rev. T. Starr King, in San Francisco, the corner-stone of which was laid Dec. 3d, 1862, will be 65 feet front by 120 feet in depth, with a vestry adjoining, on the east side, 44 by 48 feet. The church will be built entirely of brick, in the Gothic style of architecture, with eight pinnacles, the highest point of which will be 82 feet from the street grade. There will be six rows of pews on the main floor, surrounded with a gallery. The total cost of the church and vestry-edifice adjoining is estimated at fifty thousand dollars.

FEMALES AT A PREMIUM.—Good accounts have reached England from the female emigrants who were sent out to British Columbia. The Lord Bishop of that colony writes that all the women who have arrived found situations immediately, and both he and Archdeacon Wright are as clamorous as Oliver Twist for "more." Females are at a premium in that region.

SHARP PRACTICE.—At the poor-house, in Pittsford, Mass., two paupers, respectively sixty-seven and fifty-four years of age, were recently married. The reason given by the overseer of the poor for this proceeding is that he was crowded for room, and gained the use of an apartment by the marriage.

NOTRE DAME STATUES.—Workmen are now engaged in placing in the Gothic arcades of the grand front of Notre Dame, in Paris, the eight remaining statues to complete the twenty-eight which stood there previously to 1793, representing the kings of France from Clovis down to Philip Augustus.

AS a simple mode of relieving the difficulty sometimes experienced in ascertaining the exact weight of their silver plate, the Baltimore Sun says it will perhaps serve their convenience to state that a pound avoirdupois (grocers' or usual household weight) is equal only to 14½ ounces Troy, or silver weight. In other words, 16 ounces avoirdupois is 14½ ounces Troy. Then weigh your silver, and multiply the number of pounds by the 14½ and you have the number of ounces.

THE British firm of Glass, Elliot & Co, of London, offer to manufacture and submerge sea cables connecting all the points between Washington and New Orleans, to be paid only on the successful completion and delivery to the government of the lines in good working order.

RICHMOND papers say that the negroes employed there on fortifications are literally starved. The rations given them are:—For dinner, three-quarters of an ounce of meat and three and three quarters ounces of bread; the same of bread without meat for breakfast and supper—and the bread is heavy and indigestible; altogether twelve ounces of food per day. The owners of the negroes are raising a row about the matter.

FATHER AND SON.—In a large mercantile house in Philadelphia is employed, at a salary of seven dollars a week, as a porter, a man of about 70 years old. In the same store is employed the porter's son at a salary of $2,500 per annum. As the son sells the goods the old man hauls them to the sidewalk. There is in this city another case—that of a rich man, living in the bosom of luxury, whose father vends apples from a basket on the street corner next his door.—*North American.*

THE President has closed the contract proposed some time ago by M. Bernard Kock, for the voluntary colonization of negroes on the Haytien Island, A' Vache. M. Kock has a lease of the island for the term of ten years. The contract is for the colonization of 5,000 persons, at a cost of $50 each.

ON New Year's evening, in East Greenwich, R. I., Cæsar Clark, aged about 100, was married to Betsey Fry, aged about 70.

IN skating upon a pond at Bloomfield, New Jersey, some days since, a boy named Higgins fell through the ice, remaining in the water out of sight some fifteen minutes, when he was taken out for dead. A village physician, however, applied a galvanic battery, with other means, and after six hours' labor succeeded in restoring animation.

IN the last Gettysburg (Pa.) Star, under the obituary head, we find the following list of deaths which have recently occurred in one family in that county:—In Franklin township, of diptheria, Oct. 26, Lavinia Daywalt, aged 13 years, 6 months and 7 days; Nov. 4, Polly Daywalt, aged 24 years, 8 months and 10 days; Nov. 10, Isaiah Daywalt, aged 17 years, 6 months and 5 days; Nov. 16, Susan Rife (sister), aged 21 years, 7 months and 24 days; Dec. 30, Elcy Daywalt (mother), aged 48 years, 6 months and 7 days. Leaving the husband and father, Geo. Daywalt, the only surviving member of the family.

FRENCH IRON FRIGATES.—The French government has decided not to proceed with any more iron frigates, as recent experiments, more especially with flat head shell—the missile Mr. Whitworth has employed with such startling effect against the armor-plated targets—have, it is alleged, satisfied them that the artillerists are more than a match for the shipbuilders.

PAPER MADE OF WOOD.—The Boston Journal is printed on paper made of wood by a new process. The paper presents a clear surface, is of soft and firm texture, and admirably adapted for newspaper purposes. The Journal states that this paper is not a fair test of what the manufacturers propose to do, but it certainly proves that there are other materials than rags which can be used successfully in the manufacture of white paper.

OPENING THE MISSISSIPPI.—A cotemporary mentions a curious fact, that Gen. Scott, at the opening of the war, predicted that the decisive battles of the rebellion would be fought in opening up the Mississippi, and of these he judged there would be about eight.

## Last Hours of Dr. Lyman Beecher.

The following notes of the last hours of this distinguished divine, and "father of the Beechers," who died recently, were written by his daughter, Mrs. Stowe:—

For the last year of his life, all the organs of communication and expression with the outer world seemed to fail. His utterance was, much of the time, unintelligible sounds, with only short snatches and phrases from which could be gathered that the internal current still flowed. Still his eye remained luminous, and the expression of his face, when calm, was marked both by strength and sweetness. Occasionally a flash of his old quick humor would light up his face, and a quick reply would break out in the most unexpected manner. One day, as he lay on the sofa, his daughter stood by him brushing his long, white hair, his eyes were fixed on the window, and the whole expression of his face was peculiarly serene and humorous. "Do you know," she said, stroking his hair, "that you are a very handsome old gentleman?" Instantly his eyes twinkled with a roguish light, and he answered quickly, "Tell me something new."

In another mood as he sat gazing apparently into vacancy, a friend drew near and began to read to him a little article cut from the papers, called "The Working and the Waiting Servant." He drew nearer and nearer, listened with fixed attention, and finally covered his eyes with his fingers and the tears silently course down his cheeks. "How *could* you know that was what I needed," he said. "Keep that and read to me often."

At another time when she had composed him to his night's rest, she named over to him the names of his old friends, Taylor, Edwards, Cornelius, &c. "Oh, I know them all," he said. Then in a moment with an effort at utterance—"One more thing let me say—they are all gone, gone! I am left alone, alone!"

*Dec. 30.*—The vail was rent for a few hours, and a vision of transfiguration was vouchsafed. He called, "Mother, mother, come sit beside me; I have had a glorious vision of Heaven!" His countenance was luminous, his utterance full and strong as in his best days. He continued: "I think I have begun to go. Oh, such scenes as I have been permitted to behold. I have seen the King of Glory himself—blessed God for revealing Thyself! I did not think I could behold such glory while in the flesh." He prayed in an inspired manner for some time, and then soliloquized: "Until this evening my hope was a conditional one—now it is full, free, entire. Oh, glory to God!"

I asked, "Had you any fear?"

"No, none at all; and, what is wonderful, I have no pain either," passing his hand over his head.

I repeated, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

"How wonderful," he answered, "that a creature can approach the Creator so as to awake in his likeness! Oh, glorious, glorious God!"

"I rejoice with you, father."

"I know you rejoice as a pious woman, but you cannot enter into my experience now."

"Father, did you see Jesus?"

"All was swallowed up in God himself."

For an hour he was in this state, talking and praying. The next day he remarked that he had an indistinct remembrance of some great joy. The last indication of life, on the day of his death, was a mute response to his wife, repeating

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The last hours of his earthly sleep his face was illuminated with a solemn and divine radiance, and softly and tenderly, without even a sigh, he passed to the everlasting rest.

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AN ARMENIAN TRAGEDY.—The author of "Vacation Tourists" relates the following adventure in the East:—"When I was at the large town of E——, in Armenia, the pasha governing that part of the country was changed. His successor was a Georgian, sold in his childhood to a wealthy Turk. The boy grew and prospered, and, after passing through subordinate offices, he was, some years previous to the time I speak of, intrusted with the command of a district. On his departure from Constantinople the Sultan was pleased to give to him a wife, as is not unusual, a lady from the royal harem. With her he lived most happily for three years, when, by some means—whether by a mutual recollection of some incident which had happened, or some spot which had been seen in childhood—I know not what, these two, man and wife, discovered that they were brother and sister. The wife, like the husband, had been sold away from her country, and met her brother in this strange, wretched manner. They fortunately had had no children, and the marriage was immediately dissolved, but they say that the pasha has never smiled since the discovery."

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GEN. ROSECRANS—The Murfreesboro correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says:—From generals down to privates, one universal burst of admiration and enthusiasm for General Rosecrans takes precedence above all other considerations. You hear him censured only in one way—he was too brave, too reckless, too much at home upon the battlefield. He led cavalry charges, superintended the movements of artillery, gave orders in person to corps, division, brigade, and regimental commanders, and patted the soldiers upon the head and shoulder, and told them to fire low. These are absolute facts, and known to the whole army. After the fight of Wednesday, any other general would have turned up in Nashville with his men. But Rosecrans is not afraid to fight, and he knew that the desperation of the rebels was temporary. Subsequent events have proved that he was not mistaken. In conclusion, let me inform the readers of *The Press* that, at the battle of Stone's river, as Frank Cheatham remarked, "the enemy met the best general in the United States."

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A CRY OF DISTRESS—IMPORTANT DESPATCHES TAKEN.—Our blockading fleet has just captured some very important despatches from Jeff. Davis and his Secretary of State to Mason, Slidell, and others in Europe.

These despatches give many important facts and details in regard to the condition of the rebels. They give the strongest statements of the desperate straits to which the rebel leaders are reduced, and show that unless they can quickly get relief, either by European interference, or by dividing the free states, and thus paralyzing the efforts of the Government, they must give up their bad cause for lost.

These despatches arrived here yesterday. They were put up in a tin box, loaded with lead at one end, so as to sink quickly in an emergency. But our sailors were too quick.

The Government is strongly urged to make public these captured despatches, and will do so as soon as certain special information contained in them is made use of.—*Washington Correspondent Evening Post.*

A BOAT has been captured off Charleston, containing a rebel major, who had in his possession important dispatches for Europe. He was waiting to place them on board a steamer, but fell into the hands of our war vessels.

HOW THE DISASTER AT GALVESTON HAPPENED.—Those who are not acquainted with Galveston must be told, in order to understand how our defeat was brought about, that the city stands on an island, and is connected with the shore, a distance of nearly five miles, by one of the most magnificent bridges in the country. When the rebels, who have always been in strong force at Virginia Point, found that it was the intention of Commodore Renshaw to destroy this bridge, they held a parley with him and agreed that it should be used for no contraband purposes, but strictly to pass trains of cars loaded only with citizens.

The Commodore, as it proved, unfortunately consented to this arrangement. The rebels therefore planted a battery at the Virginia Point end of the bridge, and the *Harriet Lane* was sent to guard the Galveston terminus. Trains of cars were allowed to pass at any hour of day or night, and of course the *Harriet Lane* could know nothing of what was going over at night. On the night of the 31st ult. the rebels *broke their faith*, sent their soldiers and guns over, and in this way one of the greatest disasters that has happened to us during the war occurred. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE President recently remarked that he considered the rebellion nearer being crushed than ever before, and that we now hold a hundred thousand square miles more than we had a year ago.

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### WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Flour is fully 25c ℘ bbl better than last week. Sales comprise 25,000@30,000 bbls, mostly taken for export, at $5,50@6,12½ for low grades and good fine Flour; $6@6,25 for superfine; $6,30@7 for extras, the latter for Lancaster county; $6,75@7 for northwest family; $7@7,50 for Ohio and Pennsylvania do; $7,75@8 for choice brands, and from $8 up to $9,50 ℘ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, including about 8,000 bbls extra and extra family, part city mills, on terms kept private. The bulk of the sales are of Ohio family at $7@7,50. Rye Flour is firm, and selling more freely at $5,25. Corn Meal is scarce, and Pennsylvania is held at $4. A sale of Brandywine was made early in the week at $4,25, but holders now ask $4,50 ℘ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and for Wheat prices are fully 5c better, with sales of 75,000@80,000 bus for shipment and milling, at $1,48@1,55 for fair to good and choice Western and Pennsylvania reds in store, closing firm at the latter figure, and from $1,65 to $1,85 for common to good and choice White, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is better, and all the Pennsylvania offered sold at 94@95c, chiefly at the highest figure. Corn is very scarce, and prime is 6@7c higher, with sales of 30,000 bus, mostly new Yellow, at 74@80c in store and afloat, 75@80c for mixed, and 76@84c for old, including some small lots of White at 74@78c. Oats are more active, and 55,000@60,000 bus have been disposed of mostly at 62@64c for 32 lbs, including inferior at 30@40c measure, and several cargoes Prince Edward's Island Oats on terms kept private. Barley is better, and selling more freely at $1,35@1,45. Of Barley Malt sales are reported at $1,65@1,70 ℘ bus.

PROVISIONS are firmer, and for the hog product generally prices are looking up. Some 2000 bbls Pork sold at $14½@15 for Western Mess, the latter for repacked. Dressed Hogs are worth $5,50@5,75 the 100 lbs, and Mess Beef $12@15 ℘ bbl. Of Bacon about 1000 casks Shoulders and Sides, in tight pkgs, have been taken at $6,39@6,49 for the former, and $7,49@7,59 the 100 lbs for the latter. Hams range at 9@10c ℘ lb for plain and fancy cured. Green Meats are more inquired for and selling at 8@8½c for Hams; 5½@5¾c for Shoulders, and 6½@6¾c for Sides, and the receipts and sales limited. Of Lard about 1500 tierces and barrels prime Western have been disposed of at 9¾@10¼c, mostly at 10@10¼c, which is an advance. Kegs are worth 11c. Butter moves off freely at 15@18c for roll, and 15@16c for packed. Cheese is quiet at 10@11c ℘ lb. Eggs are lower and selling at 19@20c ℘ doz.

COTTON—The market has been more active since our last notice, and with very reduced stock and light receipts, prices are 1@2c better, with sales of some 350 bales in small lots at 65c for ordinary, up to 70@73c cash for middling and good middling quality, including damaged at 45@55c ℘ lb.

ASHES—Pots are scarce and high, but for Pearls prices are unsettled, and lower, with very little doing in the way of sales.

BARK—Quercitron has further declined, and about 150 hhds have been disposed of at $33@34½, mostly at the latter rate for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is scarce, and small sales are reported at $16@16½ ℘ cord.

BEESWAX is unsettled, and sales of 4000 lbs yellow are reported at 39@40c ℘ lb.

COAL—The market is unsettled and dull, there being little or nothing doing for shipment. For home use there is also less doing.

COFFEE—There is little or no stock in first hands, and the market is quiet but very firm, with sales of some 1300 bags in small lots, part to come from another market, at 27½@32c for Rio, 28½@31½c for Laguayra, and 31c for Jamaica, cash and time.

COPPER is unchanged and quiet; of Yellow Metal the sales are limited at 27c for sheets and 30c for bolts, usual time.

FEATHERS are selling in lots as wanted at 52@55c ℘ lb, the latter for prime western.

FRUIT moves off as wanted at $2@3 ℘ bbl for Apples, and $10@14 for Cranberries. Of dried fruit prices range at 5@6c for Apples, and 6@11c ℘ lb for unpared Peaches, and the demand limited. Pared Peaches are scarce and high, ranging at 15@18c.

HAY is firm, good Timothy selling at 80@90c ℘ 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is little or no stock out of the hands of the manufacturers, and the market is firm but very quiet.

HOPS move off more freely and command full prices, ranging from 20 to 24c ℘ lb.

IRON is firmer and more active. About 3500 tons Anthracite Pig Metal have been disposed of at $30@33 ℘ ton, cash and time, for the three numbers, the latter for good No. 1. Blooms continue scarce and high. Of Scotch Pig 250 tons sold at $32, cash. For Manufactured Iron the demand is good and prices firm.

LEAD is firm but quiet and the stock here very much reduced. A sale of Galena was made, at $8,25 the 100 lbs.

LUMBER is quiet, and a small business only to note in White and Yellow Pine Boards at $16@17. Laths are wanted at $1,30@1,40, and Pickets at $6@7 ℘ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm but quiet.

PLASTER is wanted.

RICE is firmer, but very inactive at 7@7½c for Rangoon, and 8½@8¾c ℘ lb for Carolina, and the offerings and sales light.

SEEDS—There is a steady demand for Cloverseed, and prices have further advanced, with sales of 6,000 bus at $6@6,25 for common, and $6,50@7 for good and prime lots. Timothy is wanted at $2@2,25, and but little offering. Flax seed is scarce and in demand, at $3 ℘ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firmer. N E Rum is in steady demand at 58c. Whiskey is scarce, and prices have further advanced, with sales of barrels at 44@45c, hhds 42@43c, and drudge at 41@42½c.

SUGAR—The market has been excited, with sales of 600 hhds at 10@10¾c for Cuba, and 10½@11¼c for New Orleans, cash and time, including some of the latter at 12@12½c for clarified, on the usual terms. Refined Sugars are also better.

TALLOW is more inquired for, City Rendered selling at 11c, and Country at 10½c ℘ lb, which is an advance.

TOBACCO—There is very little demand for either Leaf or Manufactured, and the market remains very inactive; a few small sales of the former only are reported at 8½@9½c ℘ lb.

WOOL—The market has been excited, and nearly all the cheap lots have changed hands; sales comprising 200,000 lbs at 64@75c for fine, 65@67c for coarse, mostly of the former, which is wanted, and the bulk of the sales were only about 65c net, holders now generally ask more.

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### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1485 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 10 cents ℘ lb. 100 Cows brought from $18 to 28 ℘ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from 5½ to 6 cts ℘ lb gross. 800 Hogs sold at from $5,00 to 6,00 ℘ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN. P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 29 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.—It is stated that Col. John Quincy Adams (who is on the staff of Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts,) received last week a letter from his father, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Minister to England, from which it appears that the relations of the embassy with the Court of St. James are more cordial and pleasant now than at any time previously since Mr. Adams went to London.—*Washington Republican.*

CHARLES R. BUCKALEW, Democrat, has been elected U. S. Senator for Pennsylvania by one majority. Gen. Cameron was the Republican candidate. Judge Kelley was voted for by Mr. Laporte.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON, to Miss ELIZABETH HENDERSON.

On the 10th of Nov. last, by the Rev. G. Oram, Mr. WILFRED CLARK, to Miss REBECCA BROOKE, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, JAMES S. HALLOWELL, to Miss ELIZABETH V. ROJAIRE, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. G. W. SWANCOTT, to Miss ANNIE M. FRIEL, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Pepper, Mr. WILLIAM VINTER, to Miss CAROLINE TURPIN, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. R. S. Harris, Mr. GEORGE C. MOFFETT, to Miss ELIZABETH STREEPER, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Furness, Mr. JOHN SHRIGLEY, to Miss ANNIE GUILBERT.

On the 16th Oct. last by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JOHN BRYAN, to Miss ELIZABETH TIZARD, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM M. BOWEN, Printer, in his 47th year.

On the 13th instant, MARY CRESSON, in her 88th year.

On the 13th instant, LOUIS ROBERTS, in his 80th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. SARAH, wife of Francis Ryan, in her 35th year.

On the 13th instant, JOHN CLARKE, in his 51st year.

On the 12th instant, SAMUEL D. ALLEN, in his 44th year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM BLOOD, in his 21st year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. WILLIAM SOMMERS, in his 84th year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. JAMES BURROWS, in his 70th year.

On the 11th instant, Miss JANE C. BISHOP, in her 25th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. ADAM MILLER, in his 75th year.

On the 10th instant, SAMUEL CAMPBELL, Sr. aged 70 years.

## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, January* 17, 1863.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 50 dis. | Missouri | 3 dis |
| Canada | 2½ prem | Nebraska | — |
| Connecticut | ½ dis. | New Brunswick | 10 dis. |
| Delaware | par | New Hampshire | ½ dis. |
| Dist. of Columbia | ½ dis. | New Jersey par to | ½ dis. |
| Florida | — dis. | N. Y. City | ½ dis. |
| Georgia | 50 dis. | New York State | ½ dis. |
| Illinois | 3 dis. | North Carolina | 50 dis. |
| Indiana | 1 to 5 dis. | Nova Scotia | 16 dis. |
| Iowa | 1 dis. | Ohio | ½ dis. |
| Kansas | | Pennsylvania par to | ½ dis. |
| Kentucky | 1 dis. | Rhode Island | ½ dis. |
| Louisiana | 60 dis. | South Carolina | 50 dis. |
| Maine | ½ dis. | Tennessee | 50 dis. |
| Maryland | 1 to 2 dis. | Texas | — |
| Massachusetts | ½ dis. | Vermont | ½ dis. |
| Michigan | 1½ dis. | Virginia | 45 dis. |
| Minnesota | — | Wisconsin | 2 dis. |
| Mississippi | — | | |

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

FOR THE

CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

Photographic Pictures are now taken so neatly, and are so cheap, as to leave no excuse for a neglect to gratify a relation or friend by leaving one's portrait in their hands. But photographs, singly or alone, will soon tarnish, warp, and lose their natural beauty. Hence the necessity of a Photograph Album, which is the crowning feature of the whole. It constitutes a "Family Record," for the display and proper preservation of the Card Photographs of the Family, or of friends and others, which for beauty of design and completeness of execution, has never yet been equaled. They are adapted to the pocket of the traveller, or the parlor and centre table of every home, and are so useful as well as so pretty, that wherever one is introduced, more are sure to follow. They are, indeed, becoming a household necessity, as the Album in which a family group are all gathered together in this way, soon assumes inestimable value.

For a regular list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE BEST SELLING HISTORY

OF THE REBELLION, is issued by THE AUBURN PUBLISHING CO.

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E. G. STORKE,
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TO INVENTORS.---TO GET A PATENT in the U. S. A., in Europe, or in any part of the world. Send a three cent stamp to
jal7-4t FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent free, by mail, on receipt of 35 cents.
Address S. WOODWARD,
Jan 17-8t P. O. Box 3273, Boston.

$75 A MONTH!—I want to hire Agents in every county, at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new, cheap, Family Sewing Machines. S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.
jan3-3m

$60 A MONTH!—We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other new, useful and curious articles. 15 circulars sent *free.* SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.
jan3-3m

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SEWING MACHINES,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with | |
| Full Case, Polished Rosewood, | $100,00 |
| Half Case, Polished Rosewood, | 80,00 |
| Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut, | 70,00 |
| Plain Table, | 65,00 |
| No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with | |
| Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, | $55,00 |
| Half Case, Paneled, | 50,00 |
| Plain Table, | 45,00 |

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.
DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

FOR 1863!

VOLS. XXI. AND XXII.

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1863.

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| | |
|---|---|
| DAILY, | 50,125. |
| SEMI-WEEKLY, | 17,250. |
| WEEKLY, | 148,000. |
| Aggregate, | 215,375. |

Pre-eminently a journal of News and of Literature, THE TRIBUNE has political convictions, which are well characterized by the single word REPUBLICAN. It is Republican in its hearty adhesion to the great truth that "God has made of *one* blood all nations of men"—Republican in its assertion of the equal and inalienable rights of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—Republican in its steadfast, earnest, defiant hostility to every scheme and effort of the Slave Power, from the Annexation of Texas to the great Rebellion, to grasp the empire of the New World, and wield the resources of our country for its own aggrandizement—Republican in its antagonism to the aristocrats and despots of the Old World, who fondly hail in the perils and calamities suddenly thrust upon us by their American counterpart, the overthrow and ruin of the Model Republic—Republican in its hope and trust, its faith and effort, that this atrocious Rebellion must result in the signal overthrow of its plotters, and the firm establishment of equal rights and equal laws throughout the whole extent of our country, wherein Liberty and Union shall indeed be "one and inseparable," henceforth and forever.

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# Wit and Humor.

## A YANKEE DEVICE.

One of our peculiar, slab-sided, gaunt Yankees lately emigrated and settled down in the West. He was the very picture of a mean man, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors willingly lent him a hand. After he had got everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerful fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor, and thus accosted him,—

"Wal, I reckon you hain't got no old hen nor nothin' you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbor?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest in the coop.

The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen eggs. He then set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen chickens.

The Yankee was again puzzled: he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea—and who ever saw a live Yankee without one?—he would keep the hen until she had laid a dozen eggs.

This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking, as he did so:

"Wal, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as ever you laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther.

## HOW TO SWEETEN THE GALS.

To hear Carswell tell the "Drugger" story is worth a quarter any time. The story is capital, but it takes the man to tell it. This he does in some such words as these:—

"Be you the drugger?"

"Well, I 'spos so; I sell drugs."

"Wall, hev you got any of this here sentin' stuff as the gals put on their hanke'chers?"

"Oh, yes," replied the druggist.

"Wall, our Sal's gwin to be married; and she gin me ninepence and told me to invest the hull 'mount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so if you've a mind, I'll just smell round."

The Yankee smelled round without being suited until the drugger got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:—

"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a handkerchief will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it, you take a good big smell."

"Is that so, mister? Wall, just hold on a minute till I get breath, and when I say neow, you put it under my smeller."

The hartshorn, of course, knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has many a man. Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drunkard does? Not he; but rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said,

"You made me smell that everlastin' stuff, mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone!"

Selling a Watch.—"Paddy, honey, will you buy my watch now?"

"And is it about selling your watch ye are, Mike?"

"Troth, it is, darlin."

"What's the price?"

"Ten shillings and a mutchkin of the creature."

"Is the watch a dacent one?"

"Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it never once decaved me."

"Well, here's your tin; now tell me, does it go well?"

"Bedad, an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Lienster, not barring Dublin."

"Bad luck to ye, Mike, you have taken me in. Didn't you say it never decaved you?"

"Sure an' I did—nor did it—for I never depinded on it."

Giving an Idea.—In trying to report some actors and orators, the critic is always reminded of the Leith shoemaker, who went to Edinburgh to hear Jenny Lind. On his return, his comrades of the lapstone began the following conversation:—

"Weel, Saunders, mon, an' hoo did ye like the lass?"

"Oh, muckle, lads, muckle."

"Non, Saunders, mon, could na ye jest gie us an idea o' the lass? Hoo does she sing, Saunders, mon?"

A long pause, during which Saunders thinks and clears his throat, then—

"La, la, la, la—O-o-o-o-o-h!" (Tremendous shriek in piccolo.) "Like that—only better."

Singular Effect of Grief.—A young lady reading the "Prisoner of Chillion" to another came to the part where the prisoner's hair was changed gradually from dark to white, when she was interrupted with:—White! How odd, to be sure! Well, I know nothing about men's hair; but there is our old friend, Mrs. G——, the lady who has just been twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years—her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense, that her hair turned completely black within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event.

Making Out a Supper.—Mr. Brown called in at a neighbor's, and was urged to take supper, which he did, the old lady all the while saying—"I'm afraid, Mr. Brown, you will not make a supper; you have eaten nothing—do eat some more." After he had stepped out, he heard the old lady say to her husband, "Why, I do declare, I should think Mr. Brown had not eaten anything for a month."

☞ Postage-stamps, during their brief reign as currency, were very appropriately styled spondu-licks.

## CURIOUS TREES.

Useful trees have their place, and so do ornamental trees. But in addition to these there is a class which may be called distinctively *curious*; and of these a few notes may be interesting:

The *Cow Tree* is a native of Venezuela, South America. It is often found growing on the poorest and most rocky soil. Its leaves are dry and leathery in appearance, and for several months of the year not a shower falls to moisten its roots and branches. Yet, by piercing the bark, it yields a liquid resembling milk, which is sweet and nourishing. At sunrise, this fluid seems to be especially abundant, and at this hour the natives go to the trees in great numbers to get their daily supply.

The *Sorrowful Tree* is found near Bombay, India. It is so called, from its habit of blooming only at night. While the sun is shining, not an expanded flower is visible; yet in half an hour after the sun is below the horizon, the tree is full of them. There is little beauty in them, though the odor is pleasant. At sunrise, the petals close up or drop to the ground. This tree, it would seem, must have some sort of relation to the night-blooming Ceres.

The *Dwarf Tree* is found upon high lands near Cape Horn. Its maximum height is two and a half feet, and the spread of its branches about four feet, and a stiff, thorny mat at that.

The *Mammoth Trees* of California, are worthy of note here. They are found three hundred feet high, and 29 feet in diameter at five feet from the ground. A hollow section of a trunk was lately exhibited at San Francisco, which presented a large carpeted room, with a piano and seats for forty persons. On a recent occasion, one hundred and forty children were admitted without inconvenience.

The *Ivory Nut Tree* is found in South America, and belongs to the palm tribe. The natives use it in building their huts, and out of its nuts they make buttons and various trinkets. Of late years the nuts have found their way to other countries where they are worked up into all sorts of fancy articles.

The *Cannon Ball Tree.*—What can be more interesting than this tree in our warlike times! It's a pity that it grows only in the tropics. It rises about sixty-five feet high, has beautiful crimson flowers, in clusters, and very fragrant. The resemblance of the fruit to cannon balls has given it its martial name. When fully ripe, the balls burst with a loud report. The shells are worked into cups and a great variety of other useful and ornamental household utensils.

The *Bread Fruit Tree.*—Here is something useful as well as curious. Would that it grew somewhere besides in the islands of the Pacific. The fruit attains the size of a child's head ten years old. If wanted for food, it needs to be gathered a little before it is fully ripe, and then baked, like hoecake, in hot ashes. When properly cooked, it resembles not a little the taste of a good wheaten loaf. Nor is this the only use of the tree. Its timber is excellent for house building, for making canoes and agricultural implements. The sap is a gummy substance, very useful as a pitch for caulking the seams of vessels. The fiber of the inner bark is used by the natives for making cloth, which in that climate answers a good purpose. It is the favorite tree of its native region; and well it may be.

The *Upas Tree.*—The "deadly Upas," of which we have all read and heard from childhood, which was supposed to diffuse a poisonous air, fatal to animals or men who came beneath its branches, has no existence, and never had. The only possible ground for the superstition was this: On a certain island of the East Indies there is a valley in which there is a constant deposition of carbonic acid gas. This gas spreads itself among a few trees of the neighborhood, and of course if birds, animals, or men inhale much of this gas, it will quite surely be fatal to them. But this is no fault of the trees, which have been found to possess no poisonous quality.

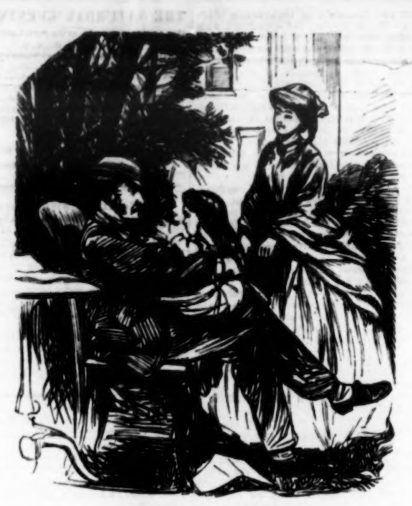
The *Tallow Tree* is a veritable fact. It lives in China, and yields an oily substance resembling tallow, and which answers well as a substitute for it. The tree is of only medium size, at maturity. It would not be hardy in America.

The *Varnish Tree* is Japanese, though found, also, sparingly in China. This is the tree which produces the black Japan varnish, so useful an article of commerce. It resembles, in general appearance, the white ash tree of this country. It does not furnish its peculiar liquid in large quantities, until nine or ten years old.

Temperature.—Temperature, in animal bodies, does not always depend on the quantity of food eaten. A mouse eats ten times as much food, in proportion to its size, as a man, and its respiration is, according to Valentine, eighteen times more energetic; yet its temperature is little higher than that of a man, and its power of resistance to cold is incomparably lower. Birds eat six to ten times as much as man, in proportion to weight, respire much more vigorously, and lose less heat by evaporation; nevertheless they are only a few degrees higher, and their power of resistance to cold is much less. A dog consumes twice as much oxygen, in proportion, as a man, yet the difference in their temperature is very slight.

☞ When the Duke de Choiseul, a remarkably meagre man, came to London, to negotiate a peace, Charles Townsend being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered: "He did not know, but they had sent the outline of an ambassador!"

☞ "What ails these shirt buttons, I wonder. Just the minnit I puts the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they splits and flies all to bits." "Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons; they's my peppermints, and now you've been a spiling them."



THE RULING PASSION.

Papa.—"Well, Sissy, how do you like school?"

Sissy.—"Oh! So muts."

Papa.—"That's right. Now tell me all you have learnt to-day."

Sissy.—"I've learnt the names of all the little boys!"

## ORDER OF CHIVALRY.

How many petty princes have created orders of chivalry simply for the sake of the fees to be paid by the decorated. These fees vary from 300 to 1,500 francs. But this is a trifle. In England, the fees paid by each knight of the Order of the Thistle, amount to £348 sterling, or $1,740; each knight of the Order of St. Patrick pays £175 sterling, or $870; each knight of the Order of the Bath, £283 sterling, or $1,415.

Alexander Dumas is covered with the crosses of all countries. Some years ago he was at Lucca, and went to pay his respects to Prince Charles Louis, who received him most graciously. The Prince wanted to have his arms lithographed, and as he had not found in his dominions an artist capable of doing the precious work, he begged Alexander Dumas to have it done for him in Paris. Dumas promised, and kept his word. A fortnight afterwards Charles Louis received his arms skillfully engraved, together with a bill of 200 francs, which he forgot to pay. Dumas thought no more of this debt, but one morning he received the announcement of a visit from his Excellency, the Marquis of Brignole Sale, Ambassador of the King of Piedmont, and also Charge d'Affairs of the Duke of Lucca. It was in the latter capacity that he had business with Dumas.

"Sir," said the Marquis, "I am charged by the Duke of Lucca to present to you the grand cordon of his order, and I am happy to have to announce the news to you."

"I am filled with gratitude," answered Dumas; "but will it cost much?"

"Scarcely anything; for the principal fees are remitted in your case."

"I accept then," said Dumas, "provided the fees do not exceed two hundred francs. His highness has been good enough to owe me that sum, and I shall give him a receipt in full, in exchange for his grand cordon."

So much for the economy of the business.

## MARRIED LIFE.

The following beautiful and true sentiments are from the pen of Frederika Bremer:

Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. "Laziness is the devil's cushion." Do not run much from home. One's own health is of more worth than gold.

Many a marriage, my friends, begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why, my friends; because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow too. "Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter."

Consider, my daughters, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is her husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family; be able to entrust her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honor and his home are under her keeping; his well-being is in her hand. Think of this!

And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

☞ A Frenchman who had learned English, wished to be particularly polite, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he observed to a lady, whose dress was fawn-colored, and that of her daughter pink. "Madame," said he, "your daughter is the *pink* of beauty." "Ah, monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter," said the lady. "No, madame, I only do speak the truth," said he, "and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the *pink*, and your ladyship the *drab* of fashion."

☞ The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

Philadelphia.—"Philadelphia" is a Greek noun, signifying a person affectionate to his or her brothers or sisters. It is derived from Philos, a friend, and Adelphos, a brother. Philadelpheia, or Philadelphia, means brotherly love. There were three cities in ancient times bearing this name:—1. A city in Lydia, southeast of Sardis, at the foot of Mount Timolus, deriving its name from its founder, Attalus Philadelphus, so surnamed from the fraternal love he displayed towards his brother Eumenes. 2. The capital city of the Ammonites, situated among the mountains of Gilead. It received its name from Ptolemy Philadelphus, so called from the affection entertained by him for his sister Arsinæ, whom he married; or, as some say, in satire of his cruelty towards his brother. 3. A city of Cilicia Trachea. Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, is called after the first of these cities, the seat of one of the seven early churches.

☞ The rich are more envied by those who have a little than by those who have nothing.

# Agricultural.

## FEEDING TURKEYS IN WINTER.

Where corn is cheap, and the bins are full, nothing better is needed. But unfortunately many who like roast turkey, have their bins nearly empty, where corn is nearly a dollar a bushel. These birds will eat longer of corn than of any other food. They seem never to get enough of it. But they are by no means dainty in their diet, and will eat anything coming from the kitchen that a pig will devour, if it be properly prepared. They will work up the refuse material from the farm and garden, about as well as pigs. Boiled potatoes, fed warm, are highly relished by them. In this way potatoes, that are too small for marketing and for seed, may be turned into roast turkey on very short notice. If the parings and slops from the kitchen are boiled and mashed with them, it is all the better. But they need a variety of food, green as well as cooked, in order to thrive most rapidly. They are very fond of cabbage, and will feed upon the refuse plants that have not headed, until the stumps are picked bare. If these are not on hand, raw turnips chopped up fine will be readily eaten. They need also some animal food to promote growth in winter. Beef scraps from the tallow chandlers or butchers are as highly relished as by hens. Nothing in the way of animal food comes amiss. It is of more importance that the food should be abundant and various, than that it should be select.

In fattening, some shut them up in a room partially darkened, and feed with scalded meal and pounded charcoal; but we object to the confinement of the turkeys. It is almost impossible to keep the food clean and to prevent waste, and they are quite as restless as when they have their liberty. With regular full feeding at night and morning, they will not wander far from the yard, and will take no more exercise than will be for their health, and the best flavor of the flesh. By this process of feeding, a late brood of turkeys may be brought up and fattened in winter, without any serious encroachment upon the corn bin. With turkey at fourteen cents a pound, it is a very convenient article of barter, at the village store, and not hard to dispose of in the home market. The relief from salt junk by the winter feeding of turkeys is immense.

## BORROWING AND LENDING.

This is poor business to both parties. The proverb, "The borrower is servant to the lender," is now often reversed. Owners of tools are excessively annoyed by hunting up what some one has borrowed—often to more than their value. Never lend a tool, unless the borrower will promise to bring it back "to-day." And if he does not, go for it the moment it is due. This will show him that you expect promptness, which will do him a substantial kindness by teaching him good manners, and you will have the tool ready at hand the moment it is wanted. Here is an illustration of another way of doing:—

"Will you lend me your axe—you won't want to use it, I reckon."

"Why, yes, I'll let you take it, seein' you want it."

In about two months the owner does want to use his axe, and applied to the borrower, but he has not got it; "the last he seed on it, Mr. Fletcher had it to cut some roots with."

The poor owner then goes to Mr. Fletcher.

"Stranger, have you seen my axe I lent Mr. Bent t'other day?"

"Why, yes, I reckon Mr. Bower's got it; he said he wanted it to chop some firewood, so I lent it to him. You'd best ask him for it."

He goes.

"Mornin', Mr. Bower—how's your wife?"

"Lively, I reckon—how's yourn?"

"About right, I reckon—have you had a hold o' my axe?"

"I reckon I have. I have smashed the handle—it was a powerfully weak one—but you can mend it; and, when you've done it, I'd like to borrow it again, 'cause I've a smart chance of wood to cut, and want to use it specially."

## FEED FOR FARM HORSES.

W. R. Lewis, Esq., of Milford, Mass., gives in the *American Agriculturist*, the following hints upon the management of farm horses:

When I was a boy, in the north of Vermont, we used to feed dry hay and oats, unless the horse had the heaves, which was very common among them at that time, owing to feeding too much dry hay and oats, and driving them too fast when full. We then supposed they ought to have hay before them all the time. This is a false idea; all kinds of animals will do better on regular meals. Farmers usually feed too much dry hay. You may keep a horse eating all the time, and not have it thrive. I came to Massachusetts about twelve years ago, and was engaged in the teaming business about seven years. I began to feed cut hay and corn meal, and found the horses would do more work and last longer, and be in better condition than when kept on dry feed. Cracked corn and oats make a very good feed for noon, when in a hurry. I would feed carrots all winter in small quantities, especially to young horses and breeding mares. This keeps them in a healthy condition. Team horses may be fed on them once each day to advantage. I am not able to state the amount each horse should be fed; this depends on the size and age of the animal. I would advise all owners to keep their horses, especially those they use, in good condition; it costs less in the end. Colts ought not to have much grain, unless very thin in flesh; they are often injured by graining. A few ground oats, with hay or straw, wet and mixed, and half a pint of ashes added, once in two or three weeks, is all colts need, besides hay. The ashes keep the bowels open, and, it is said, free from worms. If living in Maine or Vermont, where hay and oats are cheap, I would have the oats ground, and cut a portion of my hay and straw to mix with what grain I fed, and consider myself well paid for the time and trouble.

# Useful Receipts.

To Kill Lice on Stock of all Kinds.—Take one ounce of *coculus indicus*, which should be bought of any druggist at from 12 to 15 cents per pound, and steep it in one gallon of water, and apply it as is recommended for tobacco extract. It will be found quite as effectual, and much more pleasant to use. I have used it with unvarying success for killing lice on canary birds. Dip them in, keeping the head out, and soak well. It is perfectly safe.

To Wash Flannel Without Shrinking.—Make a strong suds and put in your flannel or white woolen stockings, while the water is boiling hot. Then squeeze and pound them with a pestle till the water is cool enough to put your hands to the work. You will find there is little need of rubbing. Rinse in water as hot as the hands will bear. If there is a little soap remaining in the rinsing water, it is all the better. The sooner they are dried the less they will shrink. This method, from an old housekeeper, is sure to prove just *the right way*, if strictly followed.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Plum Pudding without Eggs.—One cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one pound of raisins, chopped, one teaspoon of soda, one ditto of powdered cloves. Mix with flour about as stiff as pound cake. Melt half a cup of butter and stir it in. Steam in a dish over boiling water four hours, and eat with a hot sauce.

Cheap Bread.—Indian meal is the cheapest, and a bushel furnishes more nutriment than the same quantity of wheat. It is also a generally healthy diet, and those who wish to practice close economy should use much of this meal in their families.

Hoe Cake.—Scald a quart of Indian meal with a pint of water; stir in two teaspoonfuls of salt and a little butter melted: when properly mixed, put in a well greased tin, and bake it half an hour.

Muffins.—Three tablespoonfuls of butter melted in three pints of milk; when cold stir in six eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Flour to make them as thick as you can beat it. Should rise in three hours.

Mince Pies.—Two pounds of lean beef (rump piece) when chopped makes three bowls full. Nine bowls of sour apples chopped; half a pound of chopped suet, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, two heaping teaspoonfuls ground cinnamon, two of allspice, two of cloves, one of mace, and one of salt; two grated nutmegs, a gallon of sweet cider, one pint of currant wine, and a pint of brandy. Put in four pounds of sugar, and add more if necessary. This will make sixteen large pies.

# The Riddler.

## BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 5, 2, 15, 4, 38, 12, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 28, 30, 1, 47, a son of Isaac.
My 58, 22, 56, 19, 50, is an ancient city.
My 39, 25, 26, 1, 52, is a mount mentioned in the Bible.
My 40, 14, 1, 24, was the mother of Reuben.
My 31, 9, 48, 1, 51, a daughter-in-law of Naomi.
My 33, 54, 55, 32, was the father of Jesse.
My 18, 21, 25, 13, 55, 43, 1, 30, was a son of Eli.
My 28, 46, 52, 23, 37, 1, was a prophet.
My 20, 38, 54, 43, is a mount mentioned in the Bible.
My 34, 22, 3, 11, 29, is a book in the New Testament.
My 35, 14, 12, 7, 6, is a King spoken of in the Bible.
My 10, 1, 40, 38, 26, 36, is an ancient coin.
My 28, 48, 16, 1, 43, is an ancient measure.
My 44, 9, 8, 27, 23, a plague sent upon the Egyptians.
My 12, 17, 42, 21, was the wife of Boaz.
My 18, 41, 50, 42, 45, 30, the birth-place of Aquila.

My whole is a proverb of Solomon.

*Woodville, Minnesota.* E. R. A.

## PROBLEMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1st. The diameters of two touching circles are 40 and 20. Upon the sum of their diameters, as a diameter, a circle is described, and then another touching the three. Required its diameter?

2d. Suppose that the diameters of the touching circles are equal, each 30? Required the diameter of the fourth as above, and also the diameter of a fifth touching the fourth and the two equal circles? E. HAGERTY.

*Baltimore.*

☞ An answer is requested.

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My 1st is in pen, but not in ink,
My 2d is in water, but not in drink,
My 3d is in chicken, but not in bird,
My 4th is in listen, but not in heard,
My 5th is in horse, but not in cow,
My 6th is in eye, but not in brow,
My 7th is in island, but not in water,
My 8th is in vanity, but not in daughter,
My 9th is in sash, but not in window,
My 10th is in wind, but not in blow,
My 11th is in like, but not in hate,
My 12th is not in soon, but is in late,

My whole is the name of one of the United States. D. H. WANBAUGH.

*New Kingston.*

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of 5 letters, denoting what every reasonable scheme for putting down the rebellion should be. Transpose the 2d and 3d, and I become what a horse is when he has just run a race. Then behead and curtail me, and I mean anger. Put back my tail, and behead me again, and I become a color. What am I?

UTOPIA.

## PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The head of a fish is 9 inches long, and its tail is as long as its head and half its body, and the length of the body equals the sum of the length of the head and tail. What is the whole length?

WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

☞ An answer is requested.

## PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a breast water-wheel 30 feet diameter, the journals (gudgeons) 4 inches diameter. The wheel is to go by weight of water only; the buckets hold 3 cubic feet of water, are 2 feet apart, measuring parallel to a perpendicular diameter of the wheel. They are 6 inches deep, fill instantaneously when the diameter at the bottom (of the bucket) becomes horizontal; are hung by a hinge, so that the weight of the water bears entirely on the outer end of the radius of the wheel; the fall is 6 feet; as a bucket comes down and empties, it shuts up, adds 6 inches to the radius of the wheel, and presents a circular surface to the action of the back water, in which the lower part of the wheel is 9½ feet, (reckoning the addition of the buckets). Allowing the wheel to weigh 2,000 lbs, and each bucket 80 lbs, how many horse power will the wheel equal? An answer is earnestly requested, either in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post, or by letter, and shall receive my thanks. If I knew how many pounds perpendicular pressure equalled one horse power I could make the calculation myself. JACOB HAFF.

*Plumb Brook, Macomb Co., Michigan.*

## CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are darned stockings like dead men? Ans.—Because they are men-ded.

☞ Which of the English monarchs had most reason to complain of his laundress? Ans.—John, when his baggage was lost in the Wash.

☞ Why should a quill pen never be used in inditing secret matters? Ans.—Because it is apt to *split*.

☞ Why is a kind of paper like an article worn by man? Ans.—Because it is foolscap.

☞ Why is printing paper like an inflated balloon? Ans.—Because it is going up.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"

☞ We must again request our correspondents to forward the answers to their Enigmas, Charades, and Riddles. We withhold the answers one week, and if especially requested, may do so longer.—*Ed. Riddler.*

Diamonds.—A diamond is a diamond though you shall put it on the finger of a beggar; only that on the finger of a beggar nobody would believe it to be a diamond. Does not mendicant genius every day offer the "precious jewel in the head" for sale, and yet, because the holder is mendicant, does not the world believe the jewel to be of no value? Men have died with jewels in their brains; and not until the men were dead were the gems owned to be of the true water.—*Jerrold.*